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BOOKMAN

CONTENTS.

WITH R. L. S. THROUGH THE LAND OF WAR By J. A. Hammerton
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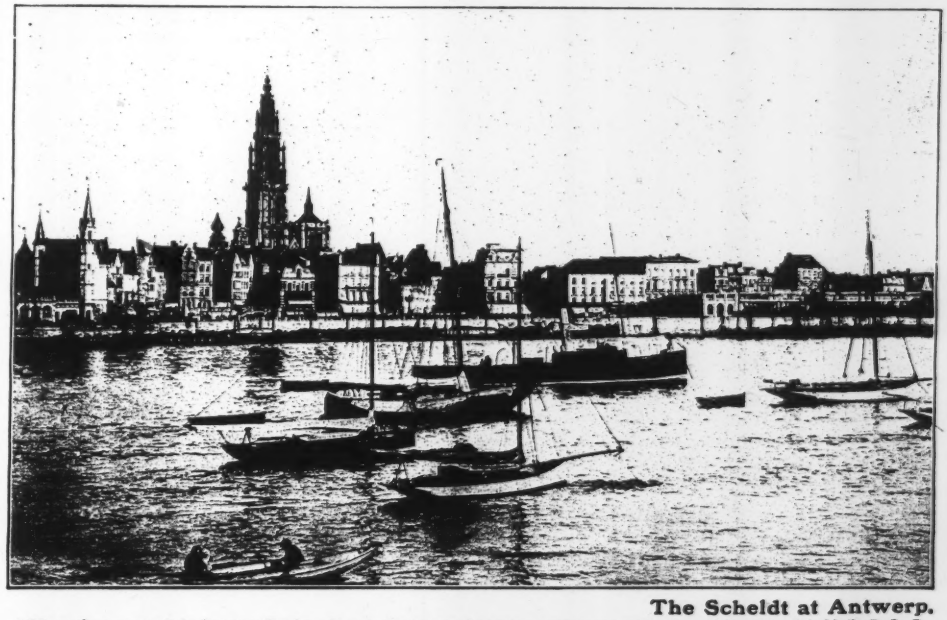

The Scheldt at Antwerp.
"We made a great stir in Antwerp Docks. In a stroke or two the canoes were away out in the middle of the Scheldt."—R. L. S.

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 165

THE READER—

With R. L. S. Through the Land of War. By J. A. Hammerton 169

Prize Competitions 176

The Story of Rupert Brooke. By H. H. 178

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY—

Leon Gellert. By A. St. John Adcock 180

NEW BOOKS—

Robert Southey. By Major S. Butterworth 182

Two Poets of the Entente. By Eugene Mason. .. 183

Ward and Newman. By A. E. Waite 183

The Very Next World. By J. P. Collins 184

The Irish Theatre. By Katharine Tynan .. 184

The Dawn of the French Renaissance 185

Arnold Bennett at Play. By F. G. Bettany 186

Political and Administrative Reform in India. By St. Nihal Singh 188

The Quest of the Face. By Dr. James Moffatt .. 189

Verse and Evocation. By W. H. Chesson 190

Great Possessions. By J. M. 190

NOVEL NOTES—

The Fire of Green Boughs—The Man from Trinidad—The Veiled Lady—The Singer—There Was a King in Egypt—Far From the Limelight—The Pilgrimage of Premnath—Tainted Gold 191–192

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Twenty—A New Way of Housekeeping—Two Pierrot Plays—Gold in the Wood and The Race—Wine Dark Seas and Tropic Skies 193–194

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The October Bookman will be a Special Autumn Number, containing an Illustrated Supplement dealing with the new books of the season. The principal literary contents will include articles on "President Wilson as a Man of Letters," by Frederic Whyte; "Burns and Peter Pindar," by Davidson Cook; "John Galsworthy's Tales," by C. E. Lawrence; "Studies in Literature," by George Saintsbury; etc., etc.

"For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War," by A. St. John Adcock, will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It tells something of the lives and personalities of forty-four such poets and reveals from their poems the ideal for which they fought and the hope in which they died. The book will be illustrated with twenty portraits in photogravure. As war conditions make it necessary to limit the edition, orders should be placed without delay.

A new book of patriotic poems that is sure of a welcome is "St. George's Day, and Other Poems," by Sir Henry Newbolt, which Mr. John Murray is just publishing.

"The Mirror and the Lamp," by W. B. Maxwell, which Messrs. Cassell have just published, is the first book Mr. Maxwell has given us since the appearance of "The Devil's Garden" some five years ago. He abandoned literature for the time, as soon as war was declared, and as an officer in the Royal Fusiliers went through the worst of the fighting on the Somme.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are issuing a uniform half-crown net edition of twenty-five of William Black's best and most famous novels.

Mrs. Fiske Warren, whose book of poems, "Trackless Regions," was recently published by Mr. Blackwell of Oxford, is an American lady who from the first outbreak of war took up the cause of the Allies and did a great deal to open American eyes to the real meaning of the struggle. A long course of philosophy and dialectics at Oxford, where she was a Rhodes scholar, had not been enough to prepare her for the bewildering variety of "aspects of truth" which Germany's anti-English propaganda scattered broadcast through the United States during the first two years of the war, but she met the position by collecting war posters from France, England, Canada and Belgium (these last consisting

of German proclamations) and having them exhibited far and wide, besides organising sales on behalf of Belgian refugees which realised, in the first nineteen months of the conflict, about fourteen thousand pounds. So by her deeds no less than by her writings, one may say, she has been all along one of the soldier-poets of the Entente.

Mr. W. L. Courtney has written a series of critical studies of men who have helped to build and support the British Empire. The book is to be called "Pillars of Empire" and will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Jarrold.

Mr. B. W. Matz has Sam Weller's own extensive and peculiar knowledge of London—especially of Dickens's London, and in "The George Inn, Southwark" (2s. 6d. net, Chapman & Hall) he has written a delightfully interesting account of one of the oldest among London's surviving old inns. "The George" is, in fact, the last of the ancient galleried inns now left standing in London. Its history goes back over something like four centuries or so, and Mr. Matz not only describes minutely the interior and exterior of this famous hostelry, but has many interesting anecdotes to tell of people who in the old days and more recently have been amongst its frequenters. So far as Dickens's association with the inn is concerned, Mr. Matz makes out a clear case against various well-known writers who have laboured under a delusion that "The George" was the actual inn where Mr. Pickwick discovered Sam Weller, in spite of the fact that Dickens distinctly named "The White Hart" as the Pickwickian inn, and "The White Hart," now shorn of its galleries, still exists in Southwark. All who are interested in the by-ways of literature and in the fast vanishing relics of old London should get Mr. Matz's pleasantly discursive book which is excellently illustrated from old prints and photographs.

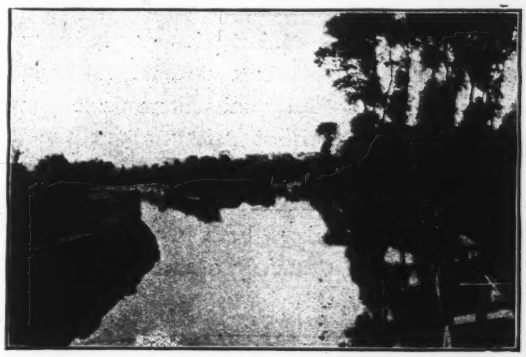
Mr. J. A. Hammerton and Mr. H. W. Wilson, joint editors of *The Great War*.

From a photograph taken during their recent visit to the Western Front. Mr. Hammerton, whose article, "With R. L. S. Through the Land of War," appears in this Number, has written a book of his experiences in the war zone, which Mr. John Murray will publish next month under the title of "Wrack of War."

Miss Violet Hunt's new novel, "The Last Ditch," will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Miss M. Petre, author of the admirable "Life of Father Tyrrell," has written a book on "Democracy at the Cross Roads," which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish shortly. Miss Petre is a convinced democrat, but, addressing herself pointedly to the Labour Party, argues that Democracy properly considered does not promote and safeguard Labour interests only, but embraces and pays due regard to the interests of all classes.

The latest volume of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's collected edition of the works of Leonard Merrick is "The Quaint Companions," which has an introduction by Mr. H. G. Wells, who says "it is perhaps the most sympathetic and understanding novel, in its intimate and everyday way, about the clash of colour and race prejudice and racial quality that has ever been written in English." He says too, that "the chief fault of 'The Quaint Companions' is that it ends." It would be difficult to give any story higher praise than that.



The Sambre from the Bridge at Pont-sur-Sambre.
This scene or one of Stevenson's pleasant little adventures was early involved in the Mons fighting.

"The Pelicans," Miss E. M. Delafield's new novel, will be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann, who is also publishing Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new story, "The Spinners."

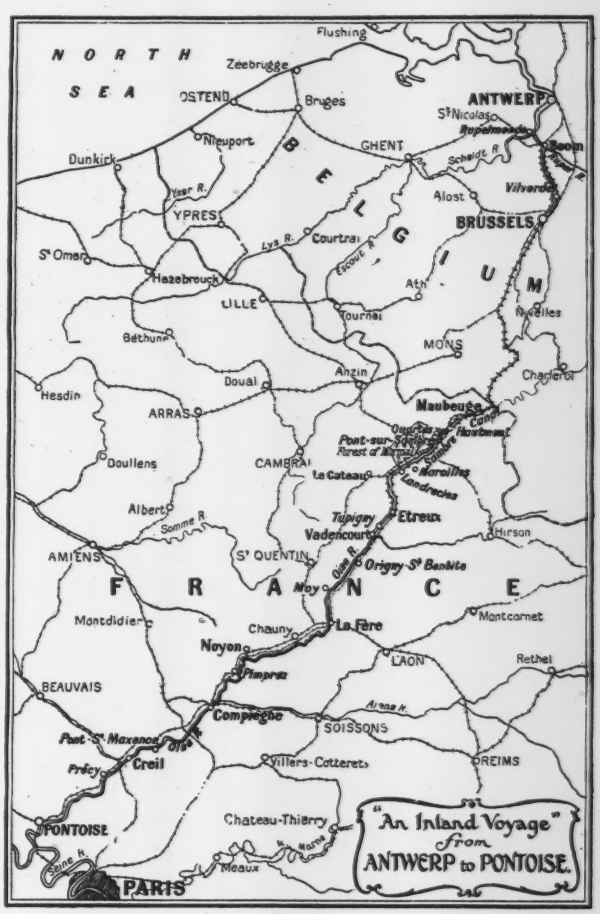
M. Rostand is writing an introduction to a volume of poems by L. B. Lippmann, an American flying man on active service in France, and the book will be published shortly by Mr. Erskine Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald is also publishing shortly an interesting volume entitled "King's Verse," a collection of poems by students at King's College, who have been encouraged in studying the art of versification by Professor Gollancz.

"Forlorn Adventurers," a book of poems by Arthur Lewis Jenkins, R.F.C., who, after seeing much active service, was killed in an aeroplane accident at the end of last year, will be published this month by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson.

Messrs. Constable have just published "The Sad Years," a book of poems that were written by the late Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) after the beginning of the war. The volume contains a frontispiece portrait and some very interesting memories of Dora Sigerson by Katharine Tynan. We hope to give adequate attention to these poems in our next Number.

WAR BOOKS.

"Foe-Farrell." By "Q" (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch). 6s. net. (Collins.) "Q's" new novel is the oddest story imaginable. It is not a war story, though narrated by a soldier in a series of nightly instalments to the occupants of a dug-out "somewhere near the Aisne." Hate—unswerving, single-minded, systematic hate—is its driving force, and so relentlessly does it drive that its victims are swept all round the world from Tottenham Court Road to an uncharted Pacific isle. Professor Foe's dog, in addition to the result of eight years' scientific research, is destroyed by a mob stirred up by the outpourings of one Peter Farrell, anti-vivisectionist, L.C.C. candidate, and Tottenham Court Road furnisher. And so the vendetta begins. "Henceforth," says Foe, "it will be clean experiment. Farrell accused me of practising vivisection. As a matter of fact, I never did. Now I'm going to, and on Farrell." His plans matured, he calmly informs Farrell of his intention to kill him at his own time and place, and meanwhile "I propose to be your companion in this world and until death do us part. . . . You may dodge, but I shall be faithful; you may slip, run, elude, but I shall quest. But your shadow I am going to be, Mr. Farrell; and ever, when you have hit a place in the sun, it shall be to start and find me—a faithful hound at your side. I have put the fear on you, I see. Waking or sleeping you shall never put that fear off. . . ." With a monomaniac for its chief character, the



Route followed by Stevenson on his "Inland Voyage" through Flanders and France.

incidents of the story have of necessity an eerie, nightmarish quality. By turns farcical, frightful, prosaic, romantic, colloquial, bookish, this strange story is a perpetual puzzle to the reader, but keeps him curiously interested. The epilogue to this grim tale of hatred points an apt moral for the times: "The more you beat Fritz by becoming like him, the more he has won."

"The Challenge." War Poems by Leonard Van Noppen. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.) The hundred and twenty-six sonnets that fill rather more than the first half of this book include some of the bitterest and most uncompromising indictments of Prussian militarism that have yet been put into verse. Mr. Van Noppen has a most passionate sympathy with Belgium, a deep love and admiration for France, and an appreciation of England for what she has done in the past and is doing in the cause of freedom that it warms the heart of an Englishman to read. He has a strong, incisive style; knows his own mind and exactly what he wants to say, and says it clearly, with great vigour and emphasis and frequently with a true dignity or beauty of poetic utterance. The same high qualities distinguish the longer poems in the latter part of the book—the remarkable "Prophecy" written in 1911; "A Vision of Victory"; and the finely emotional elegy on Abraham Lincoln. Few books of recent war poetry have interested or impressed us more than this.

"The Freedom of Jerusalem." By Basil Mathews. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) An admirable brief history of Jerusalem and a very graphic account of General Allenby's victorious but wholly unpretentious entry into the Holy City. The booklet is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs.

"Guns and Guitars." By W. R. Titterton. 2s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.) This is not entirely a war book—the guitar music is as frequent in it as the music of the guns. One of the most charming things in the book is "Old John the Minstrel to his Young Wife," and another, in a very different way, is "A Masquerade: Pierrot in Carnival." Of the war poems one singles out for their strength and emotional intensity "London, 1914," "Requiescat," "England," and "The Question." There is good, breezy, stirring stuff, too, in the song "To the Old Contemptibles." Mr. Titterton is a man of moods; if he is serious on one page, as often as not you find him irresponsibly humorous on the next, but whether he is serious or whether he is frivolous he gives himself wholeheartedly to the mood of the moment, and so wins you to enjoy the reading of what he evidently wrote with enjoyment. His book is delightfully miscellaneous, it ranges from the wildest, airiest gaiety about the war, Hampstead Heath and other affairs to a real earnestness of thought and a sharp sense of the tears and tragedy in mortal things, both in war time and in the life of peace. Certainly a book worth buying and reading.

"The Royal Navy, 1815–1915." By Admiral the Marquess of Milford Haven. 2s. 6d. net. (Cambridge Press.) A condensed history of the development of the British Navy during the last hundred years, giving special attention to the extraordinary changes that have taken place in its methods and duties since the outbreak of the great war. It is interestingly written, and a large amount of information is compressed into a little room very skilfully.

"My Erratic Pal." By Alfred Clark, N.Z.M.C. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.) "This story," says Mr. Clark, "is banal enough nowadays, and I am but ill-fitted to present it as I have neither the art nor the science of the story-teller, but I feel that there are both native wit in my friend's verses and a certain queer heroism in the story of his life which render the tale worth telling, and obviously no one else is so well qualified as I to set it down, for I have been proud to call John my friend from his wild youth through all his patchwork career to what seems to me to be his final triumph." The story of John, "My Erratic Pal," is told in his own verses with a prose comment by his friend the editor. It is the story of his love affairs with incidental verses on various events of his earlier life, till he wearies of England and goes to New Zealand. There he meets a girl with whom he falls really in love at last, and you gather later that she dies of typhoid fever only a few days before the outbreak of war. He is prompted at first to end his own life but "saner thoughts come to him," and he enlists in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force and sails for Egypt. The remaining poems in the book are devoted to his reflections on his past and to his war experiences, ending with "In the Ward" and "Well, Death, Old Man, How Do You Do?" written as he lies wounded in hospital, just before his death. Whether you accept "My Erratic Pal" as fact or fiction or a blend of the two, its frank outspokenness, its quaintness, and the poignancy of the later phases of its story make it an altogether uncommon book of its kind.

THE READER.

WITH R. L. S. THROUGH THE LAND OF WAR.

By J. A. Hammerton, Author of "In the Track of R. L. Stevenson," etc.

WAS there ever a book so informed with the delicate fragrance of peace as "An Inland Voyage" of R. L. Stevenson? To recall the sweet content with which one first read that enchanting story of a canoe journey by sluggish waterways through the pastoral lands of Northern France, touches the heart with a great longing for an end to these harassing days of war and a return to that care-free life when one might go a-gipsying for the sheer delight of tranquil travel. If it be that such days may come no more for many of us, we can do no better than take this companionable book from the shelf and, yielding ourselves to its charm, live over again in imagination those glorious days by the Sambre and the Oise. There is no anodyne more potent than may be found in these pages of R. L. S. when the heart is seared with the "latest official communiqué" from the blood-sodden fields of war.

Yet it is of war that I am about to write—of war and of long-lost days of peacefulness. Often since the Hun swept into Belgium and poured over the French frontier have my thoughts gone back to a pilgrimage I made a dozen years ago along the route of "An Inland Voyage." For it was through "this very smiling tract of country" which R. L. S. pioneered so peacefully in the late August of 1876 that the blond beast was to pass with fire and frightfulness at the same season thirty-eight years later. If he were alive to-day to what great issues would not the pen of Tusitula have been engaged, as his blood would have boiled at the foulness which the Hun had spread over all that smiling land?—the Hun of whom he warned us in "A Foot-note to History" and from whose clutches the Great War was to save the mortal remains of him who sleeps in far Samoa, where the Union Jack soon supplanted the pirate flag of Germany.

Well can I imagine what has happened along the route of "An Inland Voyage" since August, 1914, when I have seen the havoc which the war has wrought in many another once "very smiling tract" of France and Flanders, but I purpose no imaginary voyage by little rivers which so recently ran blood. My present aim is merely to recall the associations of R. L. S. with places which were scenes set for his dainty comedy of vagabondage, and which war was later to use for the staging of the world's tragedy.

The Inland Voyage began at Antwerp. Stevenson had a companion, the late Sir Walter Simpson, and each voyager paddled his own canoe. That of R. L. S. was named *Arethusa*—a name of old and new honour in our sea story—Sir Walter's *Cigarette*.

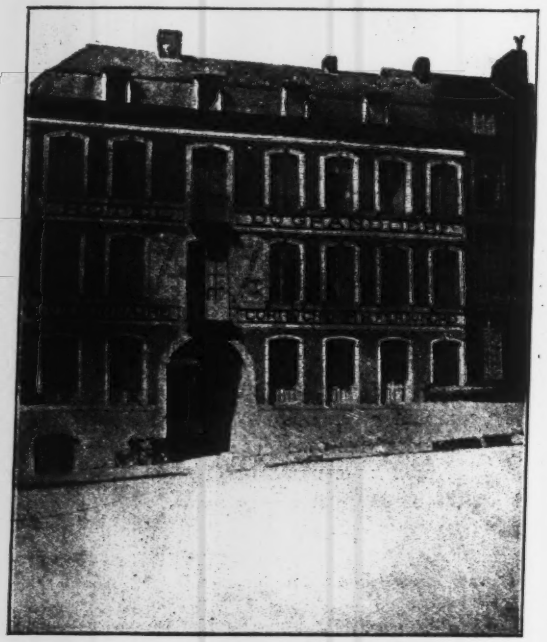
"We made a great stir in Antwerp docks," says R. L. S., as they launched their canoes, when a squally wind was blowing. He tied the sail despite the obvious danger, though "not without some trepidation," and makes an excellent start in his philosophising journey with the reflection:

> "It is certainly easier to smoke with the sheet fastened; but I had never before weighed a comfortable pipe of tobacco against an obvious risk, and gravely elected for the comfortable pipe. It is a commonplace, that we cannot answer for ourselves before we have been tried. But it is not so common a reflection, and surely more consoling, that we usually find ourselves a great deal braver and better than we thought."

How many a time has this same thought come to our gallant young lieutenants at their first going "over the top"? It has been the theme of countless stories of "trial under fire" since the war began.

R. L. Stevenson.
After a painting by A. C. Michael.

The wind served the canoeists well up the Scheldt, he tells us, and thereafter up the Rupel as far as Boom, where next morning they took to the still waters of the Willebrock Canal. Brussels was reached by dint of much paddling in drizzling rain, which did not damp his enthusiasm for the life of the canal folk. "Of all the creatures of commercial enterprise, a canal barge is by far the most delightful to consider," he writes. Alas, even these delightful creatures have long been caught in the toils of war and many have I seen in inland waterways of the war zone with great red crosses on their hulls, carrying sad cargoes which R. L. S. had never imagined. Others



The Grand Cerf, Maubeuge.

Where R. L. S. and his companion stayed for some days awaiting the arrival of the canoes by rail from Brussels.

there are now on these same canals that mount big guns or creak clumsily through the locks, laden with the horrid material of destruction instead of the fruitful things of "commercial enterprise."

From Brussels the canoeists took train to Maubeuge, their frail crafts stowed away in the goods van. Few names are more fraught with meaning for us to-day than that of Maubeuge, the town of "might-have-beens." If the French had been able to hold it—as they might, had they placed their faith in trenches and field fortifications instead of in stone walls—how different the whole course of the war! But, equally so, had the Germans been able to crush Sir John French's little army of heroes against it in the retreat from Mons, the story of the war would have been strangely different.

"There was nothing to do, nothing to see. We had good meals, which was a great matter, but that was all." But what was there not to do and to see there in the last days of August and during the first week of September, 1914, when the garrison of over 30,000 French troops sought in vain to hold the place against the invaders? To-day also, there would be much to do and to see; but the good meals would be more difficult to come by—and that also is a great matter. The driver of the hotel omnibus belonging to the Grand Cerf, where the voyagers put up and where Prussian officers have now swaggered these four long years, was the one person in Maubeuge who interested R. L. S.

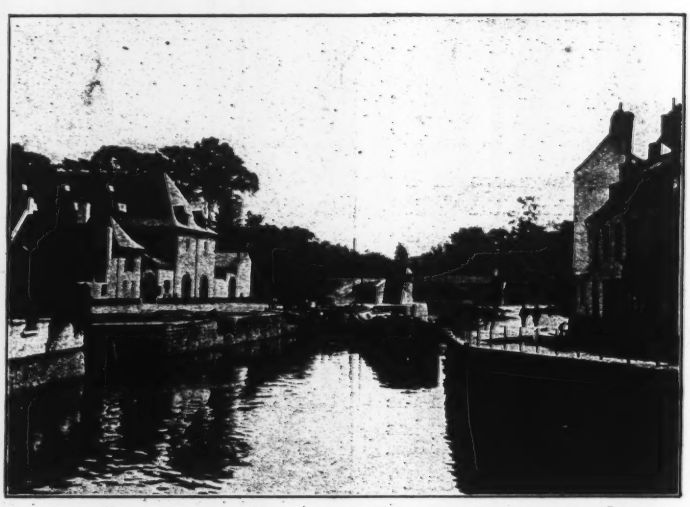
"'Here I am,' said he. 'I drive to the station. Well. And then I drive back again to the hotel. And so on every day and all the week round. My God, is that life?' I could not say I thought it was—for him. Might not this have been a brave African traveller, or gone to the Indies after Drake?"

Whoever was driving the Grand Cerf bus when the Great War began would have no need to complain of the dullness of Maubeuge and the lack of excitement. Myself, I found Maubeuge none so dismal as it is made to appear in Stevenson's pages, where the only adventure that befell was Sir Walter Simpson's narrow escape from arrest for drawing the fortifications—those fortifications that were to give so poor a return for the money spent on them. In the pleasant little square of the town I recall a spirited monument to the sons of the countryside who died for France in the last war. It will be a great day for France when Maubeuge can set up another memorial to those who have laid down their lives since the August of 1914.

The region of Maubeuge reminded me not a little of some parts of England's "Black Country." "Look you," said a stout gentleman with whom I spoke by the wayside, when, with my bicycle, I was setting out along the canal bank in the track of the inland voyagers, "we have glass works, potteries, iron foundries, engine works, copper and many other industries here." The Boche knew this only too well, and the many industrial places that cluster around the ineffectual forts of Maubeuge have now long been used to help on the war against the country of their hapless owners. Indeed, the bitterest thing about the war has been the way in which the enemy has turned France's resources against herself.

The first stage of their paddling along the canalised Sambre brought them at nightfall to the little hamlet of Quartes, but they had to trudge afoot a mile farther to the village of Pont-sur-Sambre to find a lodging for the night. This Pont will always be associated in my mind with an odd incident of the war.

Late in 1914 a photograph came to me from a correspondent in France. It represented a scene of military activity, and was vaguely described as "British divisional head-quarters, with dispatch riders setting out for the front." A true enough description, no doubt, but a curious tower was seen in the background and I knew that tower well, as R. L. S. had written of it and I myself had photographed it. "Away on the left, a gaunt tower stood in the middle of the street," he writes. "What it had been in past years, I know not:



The Sambre at Maubeuge.

"It was at this point, 'On the Sambre canalised,' that the canoe voyage began in earnest."—R. L. S.

probably a hold in time of war." This gaunt tower identified the place in the war photograph as Pont-sur-Sambre, which had long ceased to be the head-quarters of any British division, as Haig's Corps was retreating past it on the east and Smith-Dorrien's to the west by the 24th of August.

Scene at Pont-sur-Sambre.

"Away on the left a gaunt tower stood in the middle of the street."—R. L. S.

Perhaps the most interesting stage of the canoe voyage, reviewed in the light of later happenings, was that lying between Pont and Landrecies. When *Arethusa* and *Cigarette* paddled up the Sambre to this storied town, and thirty years later when I went awheel through the same countryside, it presented many signs of pastoral prosperity. The river at a point about six miles north-east of Landrecies skirts the forest of Mormal, which, as R. L. S. observes, has "a sinister name to the ear." How sinister he little guessed when he wrote the word. "The breath of the forest of Mormal," he goes on, "as it came aboard upon us that showery afternoon, was perfumed with nothing less delicate than sweetbriar"; its breath in the closing days of August, 1914, must have been acrid with the fumes of war.

Stevenson saw only the south-eastern fringe of this great forest as he paddled along on his way to Landrecies. I had to traverse it awheel in the gathering dusk and contrived to lose my way among its maze of lonesome glades. When I recall to-day the little flutterings of concern which then beset me at the thought of so slight an adventure as being overtaken by the night in these uncharted woodland paths, a vivid sense of dread grips my imagination as I try to picture the immense columns of the Second Corps stringing out in retreat along the western confines of the forest to take up position at Le Cateau for one of the greatest battles in history, while the First Corps lumbered by the eastern roads, through the valley of the Sambre to Landrecies, Allenby's cavalry covering the retreat and engaging in many skirmishes with the pursuing Uhlans amid the sylvan ways of this forest of the sinister name.

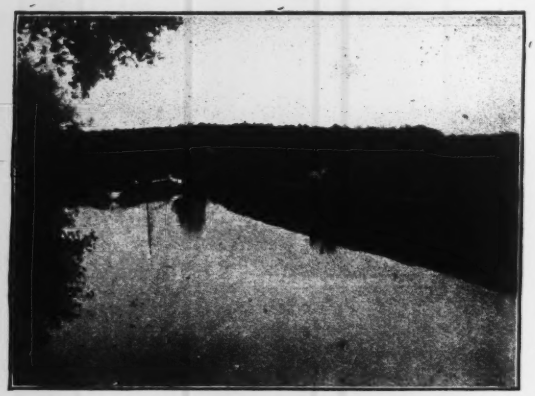
Pont-sur-Sambre during the British advance to Mons—the "gaunt tower" still dominating the scene.

It had been a day of "intense and glaring heat," as one historian records, when the British, weary and battered, got past Mormal and reached the line Le Cateau—Landrecies — Maroilles, with a dangerous gap between the first two points. Meanwhile the Huns had been marching steadily after them behind their cavalry screen, through the forest, thus avoiding aerial observation, and there was to be no rest for the tired Fourth Brigade, holding Landrecies that night, when a steady drizzle of rain followed the sinking of the sun. What happened there on the night of August 25th is admirably recorded by Mr. John Buchan in his "History of the War."

"The outpost line on the northern edge of the town had just taken up position, but no patrols had yet gone to the front. Suddenly out of the shadows of the forest, veiled by the rain and darkness, the German columns advanced with a rush. A spatter of rifle fire from the pickets gave the alarm, but the thin line was swept away, and while our Guardsmen in the town were rushing to arms, a dense mass of the enemy was pouring into the main streets. It was one of the most critical moments of the campaign, but the splendid discipline of our men saved the situation. In the main street the German column found its advance checked by fire from the front and from the houses. They tried to push on, and then a section of Maxim guns opened on them, and tore a line of dead and wounded through their ranks.

"They fell back, rallied, and came on again, while other columns tried to work through the side streets and round the town. Everywhere they found their way disputed. Officers and men, each group acting on its own initiative, improvised a defence at all points, and in many places the British Guards and the Germans crossed bayonets in hand-to-hand fight. German batteries pushed close up to the town, and threw shells into it, and soon burning houses gave light to the combatants, who, till now, had been fighting in bewildering darkness. The enemy's guns were so near that at one point a party of our men, driving the Germans before them, came under the fire of six guns at a range of less than two hundred yards. . . .

"The Guards held their own among bursting shells and burning houses, and gradually beat off the German assault,



Along the Sambre Canal, on the outskirts of the Forest of Mormal at Hachette.

"We were skirting the Forest of Mormal, a sinister name to the ear, but a place most gratifying to sight and smell."—R. L. S.

A glimpse of the Forest of Mormal, near Landrecies.

while Haig successfully held the long line towards Maroilles. It was after midnight when the Germans at last realised that their surprise attack had failed, and the firing gradually died away along the front. They had paid dearly for their enterprise. In the main street of Landrecies alone there were nearly a thousand of their dead and wounded, and one Jaeger battalion had almost ceased to be."

Such was the dread reality enacted in the sleepy streets of little Landrecies during the Retreat from Mons—those streets that were so much livelier when R. L. S. sojourned here at the old Hôtel de la Tête d'Or, than when I came to the town many years after its fortifications had been dismantled and its garrison removed, to find it as dull a place as any in all Picardy. Less than five years having elapsed since the Franco-German War, when R. L. S. steered his canoe into Landrecies, and the town having been the scene of many a siege in old wars, it still retained some military importance, which prompted him to certain reflections that may be read to-day as singularly apposite:

"In all garrison towns, guard-calls, and *réveillés*, and such like, make a fine romantic interlude in civic business. Bugles, and drums, and fifes, are of themselves most excellent things in nature; and when they carry the mind to marching armies, and the picturesque vicissitudes of war, they stir up something proud in the heart. But in a shadow of a town like Landrecies, with little else moving, these points of war made a proportionate commotion. Indeed, they were the only things to remember. It was just the place to hear the round going by at night in the darkness, with the solid tramp of men marching, and the startling reverberations of the drum. It reminded you, that even this place was a point in the great warfaring system of Europe, and might on some future day be ringed about with cannon smoke and thunder, and make itself a name among strong towns."

Unhappily, Landrecies could not make itself a name among strong towns in a time when no town remained "strong" against the fire of modern artillery; but the epic story of the stand of the British Guards there on the night of August 25th has given to it a new and deathless glory.

The rattle of the drums which sounded so frequently during the two days R. L. S. tarried at Landrecies, and the "picturesque irony" that drums are covered with asses' skin, led our sentimental voyager to the writing of a memorable page which will be read anew to-day with a keener sense of the truth it carries under its veil of light philosophy:

"... Wherever death has his red flag a-flying, and sounds his own potent tuck upon the cannons, there also must the drummer-boy, hurrying with white face over fallen comrades, batter and bemaul this slip of skin from the loins of peaceable donkeys.

"Generally a man is never more uselessly employed than when he is at this trick of bastinadoing asses' hide. We know what effect it has in life, and how your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating. But in this state of mummy and melancholy survival of itself, when the hollow skin reverberates to the drummer's wrist, and each dub-a dub goes direct to a man's heart, and puts madness there, and that disposition of the pulses which we, in our big way of talking, nickname Heroism — is there not something in the nature of a revenge upon the donkey's persecutors? Of old, he might say, you drubbed me up hill and down dale, and I must endure; but now that I am dead, those dull thwacks that were scarcely audible in country lanes, have become stirring music in front of the brigade; and for every blow that you lay on my old greatcoat, you will see a comrade stumble and fall."

If the mere beating of drums in old Landrecies led R. L. S. to such profitable reflection, to what epic utterance may not some future genius of our race be moved when he visits this little town where the Guards Brigade performed those deeds of new renown of which we have read above!

The Village Street, Moy.

"Moy was a pleasant little village."—R. L. S.

From Landrecies to Etreux the canoeists pursued their voyage on the still waters of the Sambre-Oise canal and thence their canoes were carted by way of Tupigny to Vadencourt, where they were launched in

the swift current of the upper Oise.

In my lonely pilgrimage I went awheel as far as Etreux, through a gently undulating country, rich in hop vines, with far views of thickly wooded fields and little hills, on the main road to Guise, along which Haig's Corps continued their retreat after the heroic night at Landrecies, while Smith-Dorrien was staying the German avalanche, half a dozen miles to the west, in that marvellous battle of desperation at Le Cateau. I do not recall a pleasanter picture of rural content than Etreux presented that day, with the clatter of the weavers' shuttles coming through the open doors of little cottages and the thwacks of the thrashers' flails sounding in farm steadings on the sunny outskirts of the town.

The Inn at Moy.

"Sweet was our rest in the 'Golden Sheep' at Moy."—R. L. S.

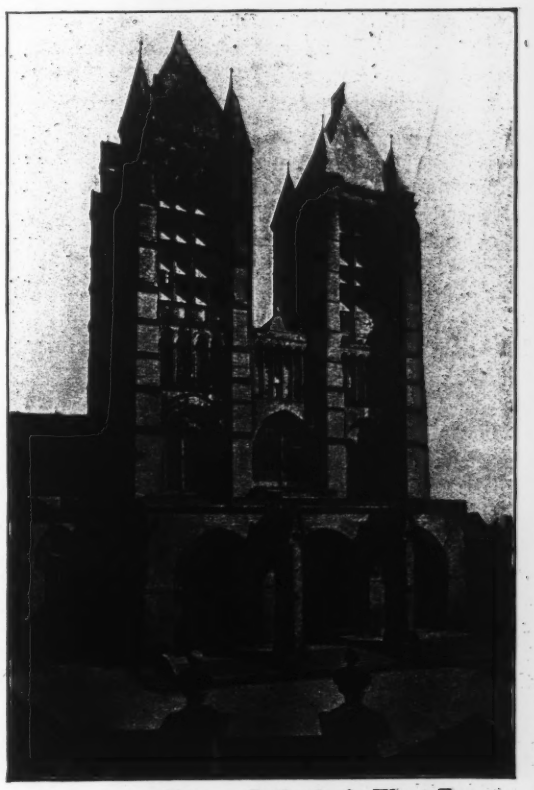
The road through Tupigny and Vadencourt kept me close by the Oise of my hero's adventures and it was here, he assures us, on this sedgy stream, wriggling its devious ways by field and woodland, he had some of the happiest moments of his life—where so many of his countrymen were yet to find it the veritable Valley of the Shadow. He could have shouted aloud for pure joy of living, as he felt himself "scoring points" against "the old ashen rogue" Death, with every stroke of his paddle. The insistent humanity of the man is seen in this passage which conveys the spirit of our life in these days of the Great War better than any contemporary comment I can call to mind:

> "I think we may look upon our little private war with death somewhat in this light. If a man knows he will sooner or later be robbed upon a journey, he will have a bottle of the best in every inn, and look upon all his extravagances as so much gained upon the thieves. And above all, where instead of simply spending, he makes a profitable investment for some of his money, when it will be out of risk of loss. So every bit of brisk living, and above all when it is healthful, is just so much gained upon the wholesale filcher, death. We shall have the less in our pockets, the more in our stomach, when he cries stand and deliver. A swift stream is a favourite artifice of his, and one that brings him in a comfortable thing per annum; but when he and I come to settle our accounts, I shall whistle in his face for these hours upon the Upper Oise."

Stevenson came near enough to settling accounts with the old ashen rogue on that reach of the Oise, for he narrowly escaped a watery grave by tumbling out of his canoe. But he scrambled to safety still clutching his paddle. "On my tomb, if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed: 'He clung to his paddle.'"

By Origny Sainte-Benoite, some eight miles east of St. Quentin, through which the broken but unbowed remnant of Smith-Dorrien's Corps retreated on Noyon from the shambles of Le Cateau, the paddlers were borne on the swelling flood of the Oise to Moy, a little village dear to my memory, as there I was most hospitably received at the "Golden Sheep," though the landlord, knowing nothing of its fame in "An Inland Voyage," had changed its name to the uninspiring "Hôtel de la Poste." "Sweet was our rest in the 'Golden Sheep' at Moy," says R. L. S., and I could echo this at that later day; but there has been no sweet rest at Moy since the fateful autumn of 1914, and as the Allies' trenches cut athwart the village before the Huns swept westward again in the spring of 1918, I fear that the "Golden Sheep," the quiet old château, and all the cottage homes of that pleasant little village now make a rubbish heap beside the Oise.

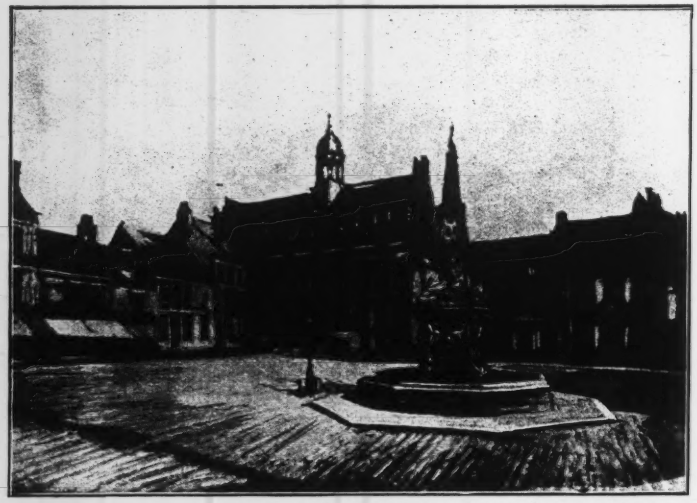
Even by the winding river to La Fère the journey is only a matter of nine or ten miles, and here R. L. S. had one of his happiest adventures. Turned away from a busy inn as "pedlars"—which I am sure they looked—the canoeists were warmly welcomed at the little *auberge* kept by Monsieur Bazin. "We were charged for candles," he says, "for food and drink and for the beds we slept in. But there was nothing in the bill for the husband's pleasant talk nor for the pretty spectacle of their married life."



Noyon Cathedral—West Front.

"If ever I join the Church of Rome, I shall stipulate to be Bishop of Noyon on the Oise."—R. L. S.

When I went there, M. Bazin had long since passed away, his "pretty children" were now fathers and mothers themselves, but Mme. Bazin was still active and calmly contented with her lot, like those splendid provincial women of France, who have shown a heroism in this time of war as sterling as the heroism of their valorous husbands and sons. Here another Stevenson shrine may have vanished, for La Fère lay right in the foremost lines of the trench warfare. As



The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, Noyon, as it was in the time of "An Inland Voyage."

Mme. Bazin explained to me, the town existed "solely for the military." I wonder how those children of hers, who won the heart of R. L. S. in 1876, have fared in the terror that has come upon their countryside. They have acquitted themselves well, I feel sure, and proved themselves worthy of the lovely pages Stevenson dedicates to the Bazins.

We next follow *Arethusa* and *Cigarette* by the twining river to ancient Noyon, one of the most picturesque towns of Picardy, whose austere and hoar cathedral has ever a foremost place in my affections.

It was on the evening of the sixth day (August 18th) of the Retreat from Mons that the whole of the British Expeditionary Force came together along this river Oise between La Fère and Noyon, a battered but unbeaten army of heroes, who had foiled the most frantic efforts of a vastly superior foe to destroy them. In this "Golden Valley," as it is locally known, though it is a strath rather than a valley, they could snatch a little rest and for one day it looked as though the Retreat was at an end; but on Sunday morning, the 30th, the Retreat had to begin again towards Compiègne and finally to the Marne (September 3rd) where the tide turned at last and all the sacrifice of our glorious countrymen 'twixt Mons and Marne was splendidly redeemed.

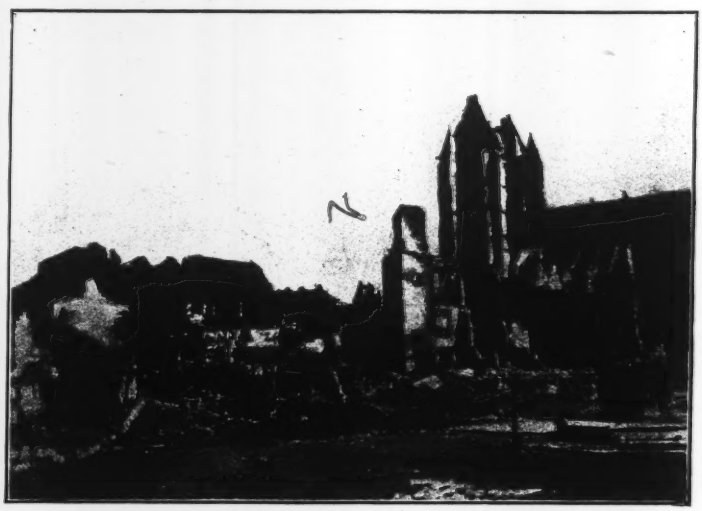
The grand old Cathedral and the beautiful Town Hall which carried us back in its architecture to mediæval twilight and renaissance dawn, were the peculiar glories of this grey old city of Picardy, where, nearly twelve centuries ago, the great Charlemagne was crowned. Among all the dainty cameos of Stevenson's descriptive art, I know none more instinct with charm and "the spirit of place" than that of Noyon Cathedral:

"I have seldom looked on the east-end of a church with more complete sympathy. As it flanges out in three wide terraces and settles down broadly on the earth, it looks like the poop of some great old battleship. Hollow-backed buttresses carry vases, which figure for the stern lanterns. There is a roll in the ground, and the towers just appear above the pitch of the roof, as though the good ship were bowing lazily over an Atlantic swell. At any moment it might be a hundred feet away from you, climbing the next billow. At any moment a window might open, and some old admiral thrust forth a cocked hat, and proceed to take an observation. The old admirals sail the sea no longer; the old ships of battle are all broken up, and live only in pictures; but this, that was a church before ever they were thought upon, is still a church, and makes as brave an appearance by the Oise."

He confesses that he is never weary of great churches. "It is my favourite kind of mountain scenery." And again: "Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral."

"I could never fathom how a man dares to lift up his voice to preach in a cathedral. What is he to say that will not be an anti-climax? For though I have heard a considerable variety of sermons, I never yet heard one that was so expressive as a cathedral. 'Tis the best preacher itself, and preaches day and night; not only telling you of man's art and aspirations in the past, but convicting your own soul of ardent sympathies; or rather, like all good preachers, it sets you preaching to yourself;—and every man is his own doctor of divinity in the last resort."

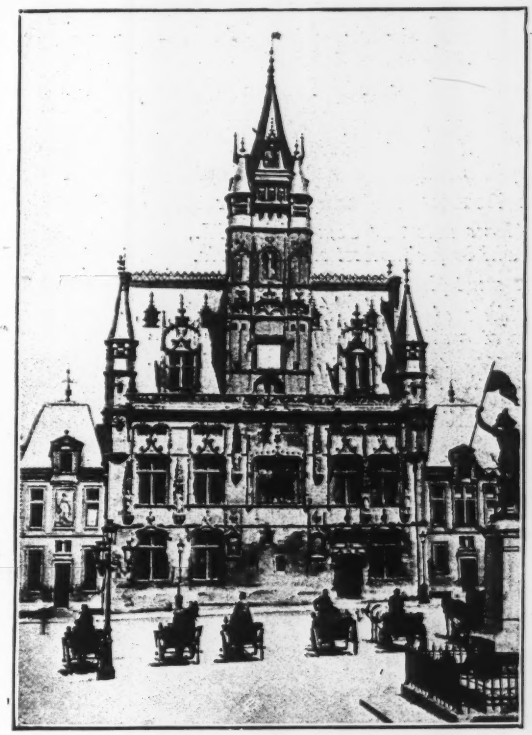
Truly, to-day "the dead have all the glory of the world," for it was good to die in the belief that the Gothic glories of Rheims and Ypres and of Noyon were imperishable. What would Stevenson's pen have written had he lived to suffer the knowledge that the Hun tribes, under their new Attila, that swept westward in a mad orgy of destruction heralding the Great War, made the loveliest cathedrals of Flanders and Northern France the chief targets of their artillery? One of the few happy moments that I experienced in the third year of the war was the news that Noyon, which, in the triumphant recoil from the Marne the Allies had failed to retake, was rescued safely on March 18th, 1917;



From a German Photo).

The Huns in Stevenson's beloved Noyon — ruins of the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, looking towards the Cathedral.

and one of the saddest came just one year later when I read that the gallant French had to withdraw, that the Hun was enclosing Noyon once again and the old grey cathedral was burning. "In the little pictorial map of our whole Inland Voyage," says R. L. S., "which my fancy still preserves, and sometimes unrolls for the amusement of odd moments, Noyon Cathedral figures on a most preposterous scale, and must be nearly as large as a department. . . . If ever I join the Church of Rome, I shall stipulate to be Bishop of Noyon on the Oise." I am glad to think that the gentle writer was long removed from the strange world of new horrors and sleeping securely far away on Veae Top when Noyon Cathedral was given to the flames by the vandal invaders.



Compiègne Town Hall.

"My great delight in Compiègne was the Town Hall."—R. L. S.

At Compiègne, that charming, historic town which has lain in the war zone from the beginning of September, 1914, when there was hard fighting in the woods near by, and where civilian life has so long endured amidst endless alarms, the ceaseless thunder of guns and the stir of military movement, Stevenson set down some observations on the military preparations of that time, which one reads again with heightened interest to-day:

"Reservery and general *militarismus* (as the Germans call it) were rampant. A camp of conical white tents without the town looked like a leaf out of a picture Bible; sword-belts decorated the walls of the *cafés;* and the streets kept sounding all day long with military music. It was not possible to be an Englishman and avoid a feeling of elation; for the men who followed the drums were small, and walked shabbily. Each man inclined at his own angle, and jolted to his own convenience, as he went. There was nothing of the superb gait with which a regiment of tall Highlanders moves behind its music, solemn and inevitable, like a natural phenomenon. Who that has seen it can forget the drum-major pacing in front, the drummers' tiger-skins, the pipers' swinging plaids, the strange elastic rhythm of the whole regiment footing it in time—and the bang of the drum, when the brasses cease, and the shrill pipes take up the martial story in their place? . . .

"But though French soldiers show to ill advantage on parade, on the march they are gay, alert, and willing, like a troop of fox-hunters. I remember once seeing a company pass through the forest of Fontainebleau, on the Chailly road, between the Bas Breau and the Reine Blanche. One fellow walked a little before the rest, and sang a loud, audacious marching song. The rest bestirred their feet, and even swung their muskets in time. A young officer on horseback had hard ado to keep his countenance at the words. You never saw anything so cheerful and spontaneous as their gait; schoolboys do not look more eagerly at hare and hound; and you would have thought it impossible to tire such willing marchers."

There was much else that occupied his roving thoughts and ever beguiling pen at Compiègne, but to-day the passages above chosen have a more immediate appeal than his whimsical reflections on the Gothic quaintnesses of the old Town Hall. "I doted upon the Town Hall," he confesses. Alas, even as I write, the Huns are drawing close to Compiègne and to-day the papers print photographs of the Gothic statuettes from the Town Hall being removed to places of safety, so that the scenes on which R. L. S. "doted" may even now have vanished in the smoke of war. But it is an arresting thought that the rampant "reservery and general *militarismus*" which he witnessed so long ago as 1876 were preparatory for the Great War that took nearly forty years more to burst into a world conflagration at the lighting of a maniac monarch on a slave-built throne.

The inland voyagers found a packet of letters from home awaiting them at Compiègne and these broke the spell of vagabondage. The later stages of the journey seem to lessen in interest. Their canoes were bearing them along the widening waters of the Oise not to unknown, adventurous things, but homeward to old familiar ones.

"You may paddle all day long; but it is when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek."

At Pont Sainte Maxence and at Creil they lingered amid scenes where the now familiar horrors of this war were to be enacted. From Précy to Pontoise, where they "drew up their keels for the last time out of that river of Oise that had faithfully piloted them through rain and sunshine so long," they were leaving behind them that land of old romance which in these later years was to be known by a name of manifold terrors—"the war zone."

The spirit of the fruitful peace that breathed throughout all that "very smiling tract of country" in the years before the war is preserved for us with the rarest literary art in the pages of "An Inland Voyage" though we of this generation may never know it again as R. L. S. revealed it to us. Literature offers no service more precious to the mind that is seared with the dread realities of these times. Stevenson's ancestors built certain of our great coastwise lights that guide the adventurous mariner home, and he himself in such pages as we have been re-reading has lighted many a beacon to cheer and hearten when the shadows fall.

XUM

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1918.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

WAR TIME NOTICE.—*The subjects of four of these competitions are the same every month, and to meet the convenience of competitors who live at a distance and, nowadays, cannot always obtain their copies of* THE BOOKMAN *punctually, we shall announce in each Number the subject of the fifth (i.e. No. 3 Competition) both for the current month and the month following, as below.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best essay in not more than a hundred and fifty words on What I intend to do after the War.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best statement by herself in not more than a hundred and fifty words of The Effect the War has had on Mrs. Grundy's Opinions.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE for the best lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Margaret K. McEvoy, of 3, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2, and Mrs. J. W. Greenwood, of The Haven, Gibraltar, Spain, for the following:

ECSTASY.

Thy will is all I seek—
The wonder of Thy will:
And like a pining bird set free,
I soar and sing and lose myself in Thee.
Vastness in which the universe lies small,
While Time and Space are ushers at Thy gate;
Oh! joy to know that should I soar or fall,
Thy will enfolds me yet inviolate.

Thy beauty is my joy—
My bubbling fount of bliss:
And most that beauty unrevealed—
That soul-communion from the senses sealed—
Whispers of angels—pangs of high desire—
Immortal quickenings born we know not whence
That purge with tears and purify with fire
This grosser body of our impotence.

Thy love is all my life—
My food, my wine, my song;
The light behind my lover's eyes—
The balm that soothes the pain of sacrifice—
The wonder hid in all created things—
The raptures that surprise our common day—
And round my head the wind of angels' wings
When at the trysting-hour I kneel to pray.

MARGARET K. MCEVOY.

TO THE GERMANS.

All the Belgian fields were golden with the bounty of the Lord
When you fell upon the reapers, swept the harvest with the sword,
When you flung away your honour, staked your might—
When you lost the way to glory, in the fight.

All the Earth is blocked with carnage and the people choke with blood,
Heaven's arch is steel above us, the sea runs a crimson flood:
You spur far across the nations, but at length
By your pride shall you be broken, by your strength.

You forgot to think of freedom and you only thought of power,
You forgot to think of pity in your dark and bloody hour;
Yet Pity on your cruel wounds will tend
And Freedom will protect you in the end.

JULIA WICHHAM GREENWOOD.

We also select for printing:

I SHALL NOT SING AGAIN.

I shall not sing again.
The child has gone who made my songs for me,
The little singing words!
There is no lilt to pain,
The notes would wail, but those he gave to me
Rang with the joy of birds.

I shall not sing again.
The earth lies heavy on his golden head,
It hides his sunny eyes.
I wait out in the rain
But no notes come—his singing lips are dead;
So my song dies.

(D. F. Dalston, Clent, Chalgrove Road, Sutton, Surrey.)

LOOKING BACK.

When you look back and I look back,
You count the suns, unknowing
The bright beams of your throwing
Along the grass-grown track.
While I but see stern shadows finding
All the road's unwinding.

When you look back and I look back,
Above the corn, gold-swinging,
You hear the lark's full-singing—
Faith climbs into your pack.
While to my ears no song brings wonder—
All the skies are thunder.

When you look back and I look back,
You feel a soft rain slaking
Doubt, dust, and fever—waking
Rare jewels of your lack.
While I but feel the storm's down-drenching
All my soul's fire quenching.

When you look back and I look back,
You pluck the threads of grieving
From out the past's fine-weaving
Of rainbow, wraith, and wrack;
And through your eyes I read the glory
Of the road's old story.

(Cyril G. Taylor, 22, Old Cleeve, Washford, Somerset.)

We specially commend the lyrics by W. Maxfield Rogers (Eastbourne), Beatrice R. Hillyard (Exeter), Margaret Brown (Calne), E. R. L., J. D. W. (Pinner), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), B. M. Morris (Bath), Monica Chapman (London, N.), Miss E. W. Wickham (Bromfield), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), B. E. Stevens (Washford), May Cross (Barry), Frances Towers (Richmond), J. D. J. Waugh (London, W.C.), N. C. Hermon-Hodge (Reading), G. Frederick Simpson (B.E.F., France), Elsie M. French (Bristol), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Leslie Cosgrove (London, S.E.), Mrs. N. Heard (Parkstone), Muriel J. Baker (London, N.W.), Joyce O. Dwyer (Birmingham), Marjorie F. Pownall (Isle of Wight), Agnes L. Hillman (Stevenage), Gladys Hazel (Leicester), A. and V. Walker (Whitehaven), A. M. Christie (Torquay), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Gertrude Westbrook (London, W.), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), E. (Highgate), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), J. A. Bellchambers (London, N.), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Coralie Jepson (Rochester), Margaret Barker (Great Yarmouth), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Kathleen M. Cook (Bath), Kathleen Goyne (London, N.), D. A. Russell Gregg (Bridgwater), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hayes), Egbert Sandford (Saltash), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Birkdale), Lucy H. Carlisle (London, W.), John A. Stevenson (Glasgow), Elizabeth Macnamara (Dublin), Private P. Milne (Dunnet Head), E. K. N. (London, S.W.), A. Cameron Shore (Brighton), R. Scott Frayne (Skipton), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), G. Laurence Groom (London, N.), Frances K. Scrymgeour (Newport-on-Tay), Edith E. Hammond (Grimston), Ruth H. Saunders (Eastbourne), "Emasil" (Dublin), Monica O. T. Hale (Bristol), Headley V. Storey (London, N.W.), B. I. Evans (London, N.), Barbara Storey (London, N.W.), Rev. W. H. Charnings (Devonport), Mary C. Mair (London, W.), Miss B. Dickens-Lewis (Brecon), James Duncan (Rothesay), E. B. Nixon (Hull), Ethel E. Mannin (London, S.W.), "William Dennis," Wendy Hyde Gardner (Emsworth), D. M. D. (London, S.E.), Jeffrey Playfoot (Bristol), Evelyn Morse (Chatham), R. S. Baker (Dudley), M. A. P. Price (Birmingham), Dorothy Grenside (London, W.C.), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), Miss V. W. Ware (Southsea), Vera M. Murphy (Tamerton).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss E. G. Wilkinson, Cheyne Club, 11, Oakley Street, Chelsea, S.W.3, for the following:

FRENZIED FICTION. BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane.)

"I kiss the needles of this furze bush
Because your feet have trodden it."
AMY LOWELL.

We also select for printing:

OLD DESIRE. BY HOLLOWAY HORN. (Westall.)

"Fill me with the old familiar juice."
OMAR KHAYYAM.

(Ernest H. Ovenden (B.E.F.). Home Address: 2, St. Alphege Lane, Canterbury.)

THE GREAT GAME. BY HAMILTON DRUMMOND. (Stanley Paul.)

"Casting a ball at three straight sticks,
And defending the same with a fourth!"
KIPLING, *Kitchener's School.*

(Wm. Crampton, 43, Urmston Lane, Stretford, Lancs.)

PENNY SCOT'S TREASURE. BY FREDERICK NIVEN. (Collins.)

"The brawest big haggis I ever did see."
ROBERT W. SERVICE, *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.*

(Miss A. H. Boylan, 12, Hartington Mansions, Eastbourne.)

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The sea was wet as wet could be."
LEWIS CARROLL.

(Theodore D. Lowe, 11, Stevenson Drive, Glasgow.)

THE CURATE'S EGG. BY C. E. LAWRENCE.

"How now? Why look'st thou pale?
Why tremblest thou?"
2nd Part, Henry VI., Sc.2.

(Miss Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

THE CRIME. BY THE AUTHOR OF "J'ACCUSE." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he ran."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.)

The Oise at Pontoise.

"At Pontoise we drew up our keels for the last time out of that river of Oise that had faithfully piloted them through rain and sunshine so long."—R. L. S.

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best essay on What the War has Taught Me is awarded to H. W. Mottram, 27, Moscow Court, Queen's Road, W.2, for the following:

WHAT THE WAR HAS TAUGHT ME.

War can touch none of us, whether at home or overseas, without inculcating some lesson—to one that of obedience, to another that of leadership; the rediscovery of America or a better understanding of the French character. All these the war has taught us individually; but the universal lesson which has been brought home to all of us is that of Economy. The general in the field who best husbands the strength of his troops: the housewife who ekes out rations to the greatest advantage: the farmer who tills his fields most productively—all are given this opportunity to help. "Whoever," said Swift, "could make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before, did more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together." The first lesson of the war is Economy; and the second is Economy; and the third is Economy.

We specially commend the essays sent by Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Elizabeth B. Smithson (Worthing), Nurse Robinson (Birmingham), E. M. L. (Marden), Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Sheffield), Lance-Corporal Morden (Eastbourne), Gertrude M. Field (London, S.W.), Florence Judson (Wellington), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Cecily M. Rutley (London, S.E.), B. H. Clough (Norwich), Miss A. H. Boylan (Eastbourne), Mrs. M. E. Fricker (London, S.W.), Olive Searle (Lincoln), Edward H. Forster (Thorne), I. W. Maxwell (Ramsey), Sheena Macfarlane (Woldingham), S. B. Nangle (Lansdown), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Alice Latham (Wigan), Mary I. Machar (Castle Eden), Lucy H. Nelson (Northallerton), Margaret S. Smithson (Worthing), Dilys Thomas (Bangor), H. Dalton Vasey (Brentwood), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), H. Adair Marquand (Cardiff), Flora Baxter (Stirling).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Elise M. Meredith, of 41, Queen Anne's, Bideford, Devon, for the following:

THE DARTMOOR WINDOW AGAIN.
By BEATRICE CHASE. (Longmans.)

People who ask how Miss Chase manages "to kill time on Dartmoor" may wonder what material she can find there for a second book—until they have read it. There is nothing monotonous here, but the very atmosphere of Dartmoor itself, an open-air freshness that is soothing and invigorating. There is variety also—nobody could help enjoying the humour of the chapters on the Demon Typewriter and Moorland Fashions; the people, from Mr. Bluejacket to Arthur, are real and lovable—in fact, the book gives even to a stranger a pleasant sense of acquaintance with Dartmoor at its best.

We also select for printing:

THE SHEEPFOLD. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN.
(Duckworth & Co.)

This is a distinctive novel, worthy of thoughtful reading. Jane Sterling, whose personality dominates every page, might have been drawn by Tolstoy. Externally she is a female Caliban, cruelly marked by Life's afflictions—an illiterate peasant who has led a squalid existence. But she is endowed with divine loving-kindness, and neither her uncouth jargon nor sordid environment can hide her shining soul. This half-demented saint is full of selfless love for weak and broken beings, and to Mr. Housman she is a symbol of that nation of martyrs, the multitudinous poor, where many rare flowers spring from a tainted soil.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

THREE FRENCH MORALISTS AND THE GALLANTRY OF FRANCE. By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.
(Heinemann.)

There are few living writers, if any, more adept in essay-writing than Mr. Edmund Gosse, and it is to this, added to his rare knowledge of seventeenth and eighteenth-century France, that we owe such perfect studies of La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and Vauvenarges, as, in so short a space, have probably never appeared before. His purpose is to indicate some of the sources whence the gallantry of French officers who fought so valiantly, and died so nobly, in the later months of 1914, was derived, and this is beautifully summed up in the concluding essay of the volume.

(William Saunders, 102, Comiston Road, Edinburgh.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Mary C. Mair (London, W.), J. D. I. Waugh (London, W.C.), Isabelle Griffin (Wolverhampton), H. W. Mottram (London, N.), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford), Agnes Prosser (London, E.), R. C. Bodker (London, S.E.), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Grace G. Webb (Southam), Alfred Green (Skipton), Sheena Macfarlane (Woldingham), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), M. B. M. (Glasgow), J. Stanley Stokes (Exeter), Minna Browning (Cheltenham), Miss J. Sturges (Walton-by-Clevedon), Doreen Norris (London, W.), Maude Wyner (London, S.E.), M. E. Rotton (London, N.W.), Helen Mills (Ballymena), Lieutenant P. H. Hall (Kirby Muxloe), Maud Montague Bruse (Sunningdale), Mrs. Harland (Folkestone), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Lavender Resarf (London, W.), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), F. J. Dymond (Tiverton), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Beatrice R. Hillyard (Exeter), Gertrude M. Field (London, S.W.), Mrs. E. C. Smith (Parkstone), Miss M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Porter, Donnycarney House, Dublin.

THE STORY OF RUPERT BROOKE.

THE small handful of additional verse included in "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke"* will add nothing to his reputation. Nobody expected that it would; but its inclusion is more than justified because it does add to the interest of the volume—partly because Brooke has cast such a spell upon his own generation that we are interested in whatever he may have written; partly because whatever he wrote is so alive with his own eager, elusive, fascinating personality, that a reading of it really helps to bring us to a closer knowledge of himself. It is easy enough to say that his fame will rest on the five noble sonnets he was moved to write in the first uplifting days of the war—that it will rest, perhaps, on three of them—and it may be true enough; but this is not to belittle the beauty, the charm, wit, fantasy, the rich vein of poetry that glances and flashes through all the changing moods of his earlier work. Moreover, there is so much of self-revelation in his earlier poems, that I doubt if one takes the full splendour and inner significance of the sonnets unless one approaches them by way of the lesser verse. They do not stand apart from that, but rise above it—their roots are in that soil, and they gather up into themselves the shining ideals that

* "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke." With a Memoir and two Portraits. 10s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Brooke, in his wayward fashion, sometimes fancied he had lost, lifting them triumphantly and once for all to a height beyond any they had touched before.

But we may well leave all judgment on these matters to the future. What is certain, for the present, is that of the new things in the new volume none will be more welcome than the admirable memoir by Edward Marsh, one of Brooke's most intimate friends. He has added greatly to its value by supplementing his own remembrances with the recollections, which he has deftly woven into the narrative, of others who were among Brooke's intimates. Better still, he has drawn freely on Rupert Brooke's hitherto unpublished letters, fitting these, too, into their proper place in his story.

Not a long story; rather an uneventful story, until it enters upon its later phases; yet one reads it with intense interest. Born on August 3rd, 1887, son of a Rugby master, Rupert Brooke died of blood poisoning on April 23rd, 1915, while on active service with the Dardanelles expedition, and was buried the same day on the Isle of Scyros. He crowded much happiness into his twenty-eight years, and as much experience as falls to most men, but down to 1913 his life ran an even course, and the story is all of the growth of his mind, his friendships at school and college, his studies in literature, his eager, impetuous adventures among social problems, his progress as a poet, and the development in him of that high idealism, that faith in humanity and in ultimate good which never failed him, even though at times he imagined he was disillusioned, and laughed at his own romanticism. From Rugby he went to Cambridge, and became a keen Socialist of the William Morris order. He protested strongly against the way some Socialists have of taking it for granted that all rich men, and those who do not see eye to eye with them, are heartless villains.

"I have already," he says, "got some faith in the real, sometimes overgrown, goodness of all men. And this faith I have tried to hammer into those Socialists of my generation whom I have come across. But it's sometimes hard. The prejudices of the clever are harder to kill than those of the dull. Also I sometimes wonder whether this Commercialism, or Competition, or whatever the filthy infection is, hasn't spread almost too far, and whether the best hope isn't in some kind of upheaval."

Elsewhere he writes (I am not attempting here to do more than glance at what went to the making of the idealistic side of his character):

"One's too happy to *feel* pessimistic; and too much impressed by the immense value and potentialities of everything to *believe* in pessimism—for the following reason, and in the following sense. Every action, one knows (as a good Determinist), has an eternal effect. And every action therefore which leads on the whole to good is *frightfully* important."

In 1911 he went a holiday tour on the continent; and in the same year his first book of verse made its appearance, and met with a somewhat mixed reception, several critics attaching too much importance to the "unpleasant" poems (about seven out of fifty), which Mr. Marsh puts in their proper perspective when he says: "He still had at this age (twenty-four) a good deal of what soon afterwards faded completely away—the bravado, the feeling that it was fun to shock and astonish the respectable."

A great change in his outlook, a development in his character, took place during 1912, writes his biographer:

"To put it briefly and bluntly, he had discovered that goodness was the most important thing in life—'that immortal beauty and goodness,' as he wrote much later, 'that radiance, to love which is to feel one has safely hold of eternal things.' . . . Henceforward the only thing that he cared for—or rather felt he ought to care for—in a man, was the possession of goodness; its absence, the one thing that he hated, sometimes with fierceness."

In May, 1913, he undertook a voyage to America and the South Sea Islands, setting down his impressions in a series of articles contributed to the *Westminster Gazette*; but in some of his private letters about this adventure, now printed by Mr. Marsh, there are things as vivid and delightful as any that were in his articles. He returned home in June, 1914, little more than a month before the war. At this time you would have said he was on the threshold of a brilliant literary career. The augurs were all favourable; his handsome presence and charm of manner made him popular everywhere; he was welcomed in influential circles; he had troops of friends and a growing circle of admirers who had an enthusiastic confidence in his genius. Great things were expected of him, and I am one of those who do not doubt that he would have realised those expectations, but for the devastating intervention of the war. When war was declared:

"At first he was just unhappy and bewildered. 'I'm so uneasy—subconsciously,' he wrote. 'All the vague perils of the time—the world seems so dark—and I'm vaguely frightened. I feel hurt to think that France may suffer. . . . I'm anxious that England may act rightly. I can't *bear* it if she does wrong.' . . . For the first day or two he did not realise that he must fight—one of his ideas was to go to France and help get in the crops. But before we had been at war a week he was back in London seeking out the best way to serve as a soldier."

He was offered a commission in the Royal Naval Division in September and, after a hasty training, sailed on October 4th with the expedition that was sent to relieve Antwerp. After his return he wrote to an American friend:

"Apart from the tragedy—I have never felt happier or better in my life than in those days in Belgium. And now I've the feeling of anger at a seen wrong—Belgium—to make me happier and more resolved in my work. I know that whatever happens, I'll be doing some good fighting to prevent *that*."

The five sonnets, "1914," were written between his return from Antwerp and his setting out on the Dardanelles campaign. It was while he was sailing towards Gallipoli that he wrote to Mr. Marsh: "I can well see that life might be great fun; and I can well see death might be an admirable solution." Well, it was death that came to him out there, to solve many questions, no doubt, but to leave for ever insoluble the question of what might have been if life had remained and opportunity to fulfil the splendid promise that is given in the work he has done. "There are only three things in the world," he had said some years before, in his Cambridge days, "one is to read poetry, another is to write poetry, and the best of all is to live poetry," and it is something that he did all three, and no little thing that he will be remembered and loved the longer because he achieved that "best of all" and lived the poetry he wrote.

H. H.

XUM

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

LEON GELLERT.

FOUR years ago if anybody had sat to compile a book of the war poetry written by British soldiers, his task would soon have been finished, and there would have been nothing in his slim volume that was of more than average quality. To compile such a book now has become a much more formidable undertaking; it would result in a volume of no ordinary size, and its contents would include not only some of the best verse of these last four years, but some that will keep a distinctive and permanent place in our poetical literature. For the truest and finest things in the poetry the great war has evoked have come from the soldiers themselves. This is so in Australia, Canada and South Africa, as well as in the homeland; and by common consent of the critics overseas, no poet-soldier of Australia ranks above Leon Gellert. Of the verses in his "Songs of a Campaign" the Sydney *Morning Herald* says "they surpass all the other poetry inspired by that great adventure"; the Sydney *Bulletin* hails them as "a definite achievement in Australian poetry"; the Melbourne *Argus* as "probably the best that Anzac has yet produced"; and the Sydney *Sun* says that "the soul of Anzac has found in him its truest and most passionate prophet."

Mr. Leon Gellert.

Leon Gellert was born at Walkerville, a suburb of Adelaide, no longer ago than 1892, and his parents were also Australian born. He was educated at the Adelaide High School, and, with the intention of making teaching his profession, entered upon the Arts course at the University of Adelaide. On the outbreak of war, however, he threw aside his personal ambitions and enlisted immediately. As a corporal in the 10th Infantry Battalion, which was later to make itself famous, he sailed for Egypt with the First Australian Division. In the spring of 1915 he was transferred from Egypt to Lemnos, and, on April 25th, went through the terrific fighting that opened the Gallipoli campaign—the 3rd Brigade, of which the 10th Battalion formed part, acting as the first landing party.

He shared in the hard fighting of those early days when the Anzacs were doughtily making good their footing on the peninsula, and was promoted to the rank of sergeant. The explosion of a Turkish shell on a battery to which Gellert had gone with a message bowled him over for an interval with shell-shock. Then, after nearly three months in the firing line, he contracted septic poisoning and had to be sent to Lemnos, and afterwards to Malta, where he suffered with enteric. In October, 1915, he was invalided to England, and here his health failed so completely that he was invalided home to Australia, and eventually discharged from the Army. How much this compulsory inaction went against the grain with him is evidenced by the fact that as soon as he was recovered, at the end of 1916, he re-enlisted as an ordinary recruit, but was presently discharged again as unfit.

The story of his campaigning is unfolded in his "Songs of a Campaign." They were, for the most part, written while he was on active service in Egypt, in the trenches at Gallipoli, or in hospital; they are not a history of events, not descriptions of actual fighting, but a spiritual itinerary, an interpretation of what the war means to the soul of the world, and a chronicle of the thoughts and moods that came to him while he lived in the shadow of death with the thunder and menace of battle sounding in his ears.

His book opens with a series of sonnets which reflect those days of 1914, when we were walking blindly on the edge of war, but still clung to our old smug, selfish, unideal lives with no premonition of the terrors that were about to shatter all our complacencies. "The iron is hidden in forgetfulness," he says in "Ease":

> "The birds are in the morn, the bees in noon,
> The eve has song and sleep and slow repose,
> A lazy Ease treads soft in feathered shoon
> That leave no sign to show the way she goes.
> Soft cheeks there are; and Guile with coiling hair
> Smiles at the earth and croons within her chair.
> The slow leaves fall and rustling Night begins
> Her reign of furriness. The slinking feet
> Of half-seen thoughts and things bring brushing sins
> And warmths of fog that touch a smouldering heat."

"The Moving of the Shades," "The Advice of Treachery," "The Cry of Mammon," "The Speech of Flattery," "Murder," "The Invocation of Jealousy," "The Influence of Lust"—in these you see, bubbling and rising cloudily as from a witch's cauldron, dim shapes of evil stirred from the obscene depths of life by those dark passions that had broken loose among

us and were preluding "The Coming of War," which, with "The Trumpets of Heaven," closes the sonnet sequence that makes the first section of the book.

The second section, "The Edge of the Desert," is a brief interlude given, except for the sonnet that pictures vividly "A Military Camp in Egypt," to such songs of love and fantasy as the charming "If You Were Here" and "Dreamlight":

"Oh, I am lonely by a desert palm,
And dreaming, dreaming on the sands of thought.
Oh, come to me from out the voiceless calm,
And teach me what the Nile has left untaught. . . .

"Unloose thy twilight hair about thy head,
And listen to the waters deep and slow,
For we are dreaming with the dreaming dead,
Dreaming where the flowers of Isis blow.

"Look not to where those eagles fiercely fight,
Let peace alone be on this ancient bed.
Unbare thy beauty to the Egypt night,
And stay with me till Egypt's dawn is red. . . ."

Three other sections are devoted to "Songs of the Expedition," "Songs of the Sick" and "Afterwards," these being written, as their titles suggest, on the voyage to and at Gallipoli, in hospital, and after their writer was home again. Leaving the reporting of battles to the war correspondent, Leon Gellert puts into his verses, simply, imaginatively, forcefully, the ideas, moods and emotions that his strange experiences in strange places awakened in him. He muses on the old and new warfare; regrets that he is sailing the Ægean Sea when for love of France he would sooner be fighting beside her in the West; and "Through a Porthole" is a delightful little vision that flashed upon him while he was en route for Lemnos:

"If you could lie upon this berth, this berth whereon I lie,
If you could see a tiny peak uplift its tinged tusk,
If you could see the purple hills against the changing sky,
And see a shadowed pinnace lying in the dusk;
If you could see the sabre-moon shining on the deep:
You'd say the world was not unkind but just a sleeping child,
You'd say the world had gone to sleep,
And while it slept
It smiled."

In "Lemnos Harbour" he dreams of home, dreams through the lighted streets of the town, out through the lane beyond it to the familiar house, and there:

"I slowly creep and peep beneath the blind.
—My father reads his book within his chair.
Some children play their games of dominoes.
My mother sits beside the fire and sews;
Her head is bowed. I know her eyes are kind
By the grey lines in her hair. . . ."

He goes poignantly to the heart of things in the three terse stanzas of "The Three Concerned"—the man for whom the "Last Post" is crying, the woman who is lonely without him, and the sleeping child who dreams of him. "Before Action" is a stark revelation of the thoughts that flit through a man's mind while he waits for the order to go over the top, and in the moment when the order comes. "A Night Attack" and "The Attack at Dawn" are in similar vein; they do not describe the assault, but the preparations for it, the feelings and self-communings of those who wait tensely for the expected signal. This is the distinguishing note of all these poems of the campaign, their searching introspection, their analysis of the effects of the grim facts of war on the minds of those who have to face them.

The impressionistic sketches of the piteously suffering men in hospital, in the "Songs of the Sick," are graphic and quick with sympathy. There is less of pity in them for "The Dead"—for whom "the pain has been—the glory is"—than for the sad objects that the war has left consumptive, epileptic, blind, than for the cripple who bears his lot with indomitable cheerfulness, knowing he has but two alternatives:

"'Twas smiles or tears, and so he chose the mirth."

The agony that racks and tears at other of these broken men is powerfully realised, too, in the longer poems, "Fever" and "The House Delirious." There could be no more potent protest against the brutality of war than is implicit in the sharply realistic pictures of these who have been flung broken in the wake of it.

Last year, prompted by the warm encouragement of Professor G. C. Henderson, of Adelaide, Mr. Gellert collected and arranged his poems and they were published locally under their present title, "Songs of a Campaign," and the instant reception they met with is the surest testimony to the power of their appeal. They were awarded the Bundey Prize for English verse which is offered by the Adelaide University, and within a short time the book ran into a second edition. It was then taken over by Messrs. Angus & Robertson, the well-known Sydney publishers, who issued a third and enlarged edition illustrated with a number of striking drawings by Norman Lindsay. And now, when it has sold some ten thousand copies in Australia, an English edition is to be published by the Oxford University

Mr. Norman Lindsay,
the artist who has illustrated Leon Gellert's "Songs of a Campaign."

Press. The illustrations are a real complement of the poems. Mr. Lindsay's work catches their spirit and has the same grace, feeling and imaginative suggestion; he is grimly grotesque on occasion and bitterly satirical, but there is a haggard beauty as well as horror in his "Dreams of France," and the simplest, subtlest sense of pathos in such sketches as those which illustrate "Sights" and "The Jester in the Trenches." I have quoted what the Australian critics say of Mr. Gellert, and shall add, for myself, that both for what it promises —(Leon Gellert is still only twenty-six)—and for what it achieves, "Songs of a Campaign" is a very remarkable first book.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

New Books.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

Whatever may have been Coleridge's shortcomings as a man his impulse was to act fairly and justly when dealing with the reputation of the friends of his youth, even when his affection had to no little degree lessened in ardour and intensity. This is how he generously writes of Southey in that partly delightful and partly bewildering record of his literary life—the famous "Biographia Literaria," published many years after his opportunity of intercourse with "Mr. Southey" had been "rare and at long intervals":

> "I know few men who so well deserve the character which an ancient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, inasmuch as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and of national illumination. When future critics shall weigh out his guerdon of praise and censure, it will be Southey the poet only that will supply them with the scanty materials for the latter. They will likewise not fail to record that as no man was ever a more constant friend, never had poet more friends and honorers among the good of all parties; and that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies."

With much of Coleridge's estimate, especially that of Southey's relationship with his family, dependents and friends, present-day critics are in accord, but it is far different when Southey's attitude towards public questions is reviewed, or his position as a poet is the question to be judicially determined. With regard to his poetry, the "future critics" have found more than *scanty* materials for censure, and in this respect their verdict has not been so egregiously at variance with that of their predecessors as in the case of Wordsworth and Keats. So far as the latter poets are concerned one is almost justified in declaring that their first critics were constitutionally incapacitated from recognising real poetry when it came within their purview. In those days a literary work was not judged solely on its merits. Political bias was pronounced and impaired the critics' judgment, and personalities abounded.

Dr. Haller's work was written at the suggestion of a colleague (Professor Trent) and his purpose has been to attempt "a beginning at the critical study of Southey . . . yet the purpose of this book is not a rehabilitation of Southey's poetry, although if anything here said helps to discourage future condemnation of an author unread, so much the better." It is, moreover, the author writes, "to supply students with a faithful account of the most interesting and least known period in the life and work of an important English writer of a momentous time in history." We are promised a further instalment at some future time and it will be looked for with interest. Dr. Haller possesses an excellent knowledge of his subject, has well utilised the material at his disposal, though no discovery of new biographical facts appears to have been made, and the whole work is permeated with scholarly insight. His attitude towards Southey, both as a man and as a poet, will perhaps strike the reader as being to a considerable degree on the hither side of perfect sympathy. His point of view is that of the judge rather than that of the advocate—just, certainly, but a little hard. His standpoint so far as the poetry is concerned may be correct, and it certainly seems unlikely that any enthusiasm for Southey's poems—assuming the possession of such on the part of an admirer—could possibly inoculate others. But as a man he had in his lifetime many devoted and loyal friends, and even now there are not a few who cherish his many lovable qualities with no little affection.

Within the period covered by Dr. Haller's book Southey published two epics—"Joan of Arc" and "Thalaba, the Destroyer." The first was written when its author was full of the republican idea and ideal. Of this poem Dr. Haller's opinion is that as a whole "it is not dull so much as thin, and sharp with the sharpness of unripe fruit." "Thalaba" has had many admirers. Coleridge refers to its "pastoral charms and wild streaming lights"; Dowden tells how, in his boyhood, Shelley, whose favourite Southey was, used "to read aloud evening after evening" the wild and wondrous tale of "Thalaba." In this connection Dr. Haller affirms it may be Southey's greatest praise that "the mystery of strange seas and continents comes to us with more convincing power from Shelley, who made the scenery of 'Thalaba' his own in 'Alastor.'" That appears rather negative praise! Shelley also adopted the metre of Southey's poem in his "Queen Mab." And there is a noticeable similarity between the two poems in their opening stanza. And one can, perhaps, detect some resemblance to Southeyan imagery in one of the stanzas of the "Witch of Atlas." Shelley speaks of "a lovely lady garmented in light"; Southey of Oneiza's spirit "garmented with glory." Francis Thompson, too, if one's memory be not at fault, uses a somewhat similar if not identical phrase.

Newman has his word of praise. Of "Thalaba" he declares: "It has ever been to my feelings the most sublime of English poems—(I don't know Spenser)—I mean morally sublime." Dr. Haller's own verdict is that it is "almost a great poem; yet almost to achieve immortality is to be but mortal after all."

There are here and there in Dr. Haller's book some misprints and some misstatements as to facts, but these are of no great consequence and do not detract at all from the value of the book. Space does not permit of these being pointed out in detail. It may, however, be mentioned, that it was not Southey who translated Coleridge's motto "Sermoni Propriora" as "very proper for a sermon," but Charles Lamb, if Coleridge and his kinsman-editor of *Table Talk* are to be believed. The Table Talker is stated to have said, "Charles Lamb translated my motto, *sermoni propriora*—'properer for a sermon.'" We look for Dr. Haller's concluding book with anticipatory interest, and much wish that Southey's granddaughter, Miss Warter, could be induced to allow him to use the unedited material which she possesses.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

* "The Early Life of Southey, 1774-1803." By William Haller, Ph.D. 7s. 6d. net. (New York: Columbia University Press. London: Humphrey Milford.)

TWO POETS OF THE ENTENTE.*

The remarkable qualities of Mr. Alec Waugh's school story, "The Loom of Youth," have caused his first book of poems to be anticipated with lively interest. That expectation is amply justified by the publication of "Resentment," for it may be said at once that more than one of these poems should find inclusion in any future anthology of Georgian poetry.

The harsh and somewhat strident title, "Resentment," undoubtedly strikes the key-note of Mr. Waugh's verses. They are indeed highly resentful of matters in general and of the war in particular. Mr. Waugh is a young man, and it is the disability of his age to acquiesce tamely in things as they are. His philosophy is set down at some length in the very admirable first poem of this collection, and cheerfulness does *not* break in all the time. Then upon the ambitions and the dearest hopes of early manhood burst the cataclysm of the war, and the poet—nothing if not starkly sincere—cannot conceal the resentment he cherishes against his lot. I do not think this spirit of resentment will be a permanent note of Mr. Waugh's talent. It is a phase which probably will pass, and indeed a certain chapter towards the close of his novel seems almost a premonition of the solution of his difficulties

It will be gathered that Mr. Waugh's poems are very personal. Just as "The Loom of Youth" was the record of experiences in a particular school and amongst particular masters, so, too, "Resentment" is frankly autobiographical. It is largely the expression of emotions and experiences derived from the Army both in camp and in France. Mr. Waugh is altogether of his generation. The one thing common to our soldier poets of to-day is their hatred of sentiment. By their careful avoidance of the noble attitude and the thrilling voice, they would earn the commendation of Mr. Shaw's Chocolate Soldier himself. The actual fighters are not to be deceived by the heroics of those whose years keep them well away from the trenches. Autobiography has its dangers, but it carries also its peculiar compensations; and whilst Mr. Alec Waugh's career continues of so varied a character, the poems derived from so potent a source must always remain of concern to the reader.

Mr. Alec Waugh is the possessor of a very excellent technique, derived largely from a study of some later Victorian models. In a recent volume of essays by Mr. Mais there was included an astonishingly brilliant exercise in the Swinburnian manner by his pupil. This early poem is not comprised in the volume before me; but, even so, "Resentment" preserves some trace of Swinburne's influence, as in "The Exile," with its recollection of "The Garden of Proserpine." Mr. Waugh's maturer style has less bravura, but is an admirable vehicle for those qualities of wistful emotion and of recollected beauty which form so delightful a feature of his work. The restraint and tenderness which inform such charming poems as "Nocturne" and "Sherborne Abbey" furnish a striking contrast with the harshness of the section entitled "Contention." Such poems serve also to display the range and variety of his gift.

It is unfortunate that space will not permit me to justify these views by quotation; but many will agree that the news that Lieutenant Alec Waugh is not killed, but is a prisoner in Germany, is of moment, not only to his family but also to students of modern English letters, both in prose and verse.

M. Marcel Wyseur, the author of "Les Cloches de Flandre," is a Belgian poet of many excellent gifts. It is obvious that his sympathies are less with the garish modernity of Brussels, than with certain derelict and old-world cities of his native land. He evokes their charm in many sincere—if loosely constructed—sonnets, and in fluent poems wrought in that fashion of free verse where the length of the line varies according to the thought or

Lieut. Alec Waugh, Author of "The Loom of Youth," etc.

Lieut. Milton Hayes, Author of "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God."

Prisoners of war at Mainz Germany.

the emotion expressed. As a consequence, the memory of a reader is pleasantly filled with gracious figures of lay nuns in coifs, the close of a Beguinage, silted canals, grass grown quays, high pitched roofs and gable ends graded like steps. The frequent recurrence in these poems of certain favourite images and metaphors, such as the beads of a rosary, and the Crucifix or a Madonna placed at the corner of a street, indicate the author's education and standpoint. M. Wyseur has divided his poems into three main sections, "The Carillons of Flanders," "The Bells of Exile" and "Funeral Knells." Bells are swinging in belfry towers throughout his book. At times they chime gaily the old Flemish folk songs; but in the third section especially they toll as if for the funeral of their fated land. The martyrdom of Belgium is related with dignity and restraint in many moving sonnets, and the emotion of the poet is so genuine that it is communicated inevitably to the reader. It is an example of perfect temper after unparalleled wrongs. In one poem these secular bells acclaim triumphantly the liberation of Flanders. God grant that day come soon.

EUGENE MASON.

* "Resentment: Poems by Alec Waugh." 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Les Cloches de Flandre." Par Marcel Wyseur. 3·50. (Perrin et Cie)

WARD AND NEWMAN.*

An atmosphere of strange spiritual memories encompasses this volume, outside the fact that it awakens a host of recollections concerning persons and things which in the ordinary sense must seem to some of us very far away. They are of all that which stood about us in early boyhood, as of an immediate past in those days. It is summed up and included by two pregnant words—the

* "Last Lectures." By Wilfrid Ward. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

XUM

Oxford Movement, representing a religious epoch in England, one destined to extend and be felt throughout English-speaking lands, representing also the renewal of an old spirit in a new form and vesture. It permeated the Anglican Church, even in quarters where the influence was most resented and where, even at this day, it may not seem on the surface to have produced an indisputable change. I am not proposing to offer an appreciation of the spirit or to affirm here and now that it made for a fuller life in official religion. I am registering the point of fact that what is called the Catholic Revival carried wide and profound consequences, leaving out of consideration any question of final values. Of this revival and this epoch Wilfrid Ward was at once a memorial and personification. It is almost difficult to believe that he was in the second generation of the movement, that he is only a great connecting link, and that it was his father, "Idealist Ward," who was part of the life thereof and an illustration of where it led. It is difficult to believe the son was with us until a recent date, and now in the contradiction of things it is not easy to realise that his vital and gracious personality has really passed from among us to a deeper life in God. Mrs. Ward's "Introductory Study" gives a good picture of her husband, and it is obvious from various allusions that there is a biography to follow in its season, for which some materials exist in certain manuscript reminiscences. Here and there the study presupposes too much intimacy on the reader's part, as if it were written for a circle acquainted with the life of Ward from start to close. We have even to look about us that we may remember the date of his death, which is not mentioned in these pages, though we hear of his last communion and something of the circumstances about him in his last hours.

And now as to the lectures and essays which are collected herein. They are the six Lowell Lectures of 1914 on the genius of Cardinal Newman, described as a criticism of popular misconceptions; three others on the "Methods of depicting Character in Fiction and Biography"; and three essays, including one on "Oxford Liberalism and Dogma." No one who knows anything about Wilfrid Ward needs to be told that Newman was his great master, or that he was Newman's great biographer, who understood that master well and wisely. In these lectures he seems gifted with a fuller insight than Hutton, notwithstanding Hutton's insight, and—at the value of my opinion—it seems to me that these last words are more lasting than any eloquent impressions of Froude or the considered judgment of Dean Church. There is little need to select or distinguish, but the lectures on Newman's philosophy and on his psychological insight are contributions of permanent value to promote our own comprehension of him who wrote the *Apologia*, the "Grammar of Assent," and a rich sheaf of penetrating sermons, quickened with knowledge of human character and motive. The truth is that Ward understood deeply on his own part because he was of the Newman mode and mood. While he is not to be compared in genius or literary gifts, the two belong to one another, though the disciple looks broader than the master, and may appeal more to the many by a sympathy with movements and standpoints which was not to be expected in his teacher. Reading this very interesting volume and being thus brought back for the moment to things which I have called far away, I am left wondering and speculating as to what will remain with us a century hence of all that zeal renewed in a faith of old, as to what further rebirth awaits it, of the life which is to come of doctrine, and whether we are at last to touch—I mean, in a world-sense—the deep things of experience which lie behind the shining veils of the symbols that are called Catholic.

A. E. WAITE.

THE VERY NEXT WORLD.*

The fertilisation of the human mind must always be a source of reassurance in the darkest period. Just at a time when so many writers confess themselves unable to keep their proper course, and aggravate their offence by invading the ranks of journalism or propaganda or both, it raises your opinion of the craft when Wells can produce a Britling and other men can hatch up-to-date prodigies in their several degrees. Mr. Oliver Onions has preferred to paint a great picture rather than portray a man, not that we bate any of our admiration for Dick Helme, R.E., but that we recognise how far he is merely a link between the post-war panorama and the reader. For the novelist has set himself to brooding over the England-to-be when the war is over, and the result is a survey-prophecy which strikes one as supremely convincing in its way. So concerned is he to work out the vision that he rather neglects the story, and that is why the mating of Dick and Betty, those two sanguine and strenuous young members of the army of reconstruction, strikes one as rather too straightforward and inevitable for a tangled and bewildering world. We sympathise with Dick's rather natural envy when he compares his war-smashed foot with the prosperous ease and completeness of his brother, the Birmingham magnate, who settles the affairs of the nation in terms of output and distribution, even to the length of an export trade in men. We also admire the level-browed serenity of Betty, first under an exacting government department and secondly under the all-but-explosive suit of the man she accepts. But it must be confessed that the story would gain if their wooing and married life were rather less smooth, and took on something of the hardships and fluctuations of the Great Upheaval.

This matter of mental fertilisation comes up again when we realise that the whole of this very masculine and original book arose apparently from a reading of More's "Utopia." Many of us have dipped into our favourite classics, English or otherwise, and been startled to find how amazingly close so many of them come to the problems and issues of to-day. But of the few who have lately gone through the masterpiece of "our English Socrates," as Churton Collins called him, none can have failed to note at least one passage which may stand for our present vindication from "the wisest, the noblest, and most faithful" of his generation. It is this:

> "And therefore, though they do daily practise and exercise themselfes in the discypline of warre, and that not only the men but the women, . . . yet they never goo to battayle, but either in the defence of their owne cowntreye, or to dryve owte of the frendes lande the enemye that be comen in, or by their powre to deliver from the yocke and bondage of tyrannye some people that be oppressed."

Mr. Onions has taken this passage and many more, and woven them with singular acuteness into the texture of his story, with a needless apology for these "rubrications," as he calls them. But these flashes from a great mind of four hundred years ago are only embroidery for the rich brainwork and imagination he has brought to bear upon this forecast of the next decade or two and the resolute way in which our race sets itself to "tidy up." One slip is worth noting, where Sir Walter Ullathorne is credited with "six bedtimes a day" when by the rest of the text his day was divided into four-hour stages and six should therefore be three. But it is the only blemish to be found in a wonderful story.

J. P. C.

THE IRISH THEATRE.

In Mr. Ernest Boyd's new book* he has once again proved himself an intelligent and painstaking guide to the intellectual movement in Ireland. "The Contemporary Drama of Ireland" follows "The Irish Literary Revival." The new volume deals very fully with the dramatic movement in Ireland which for a time threatened to absorb all the Irish literary energy, which did indeed snatch from

* "The New Moon." By Oliver Onions. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

* "The Contemporary Drama of Ireland." By Ernest Boyd. 5s. net. (Dublin: The Talbot Press.—London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

the lyrical poetry in which he excelled W. B. Yeats, the most essential poet of his time, who has given to a playhouse what was meant for all mankind. The young Irish writers have recovered somewhat from the impulse that swept them towards play-writing. We can once again sit down and read them by a fire or even in bed; and that is a boon to the much larger audience that never gets near a theatre. "Every one is writing plays," A. E. wrote to me early in the century. "All you meet in the street are going to or coming from rehearsal, every one with a play under his arm or sticking out of his pocket." Well, that somewhat feverish activity has passed. It was very young. Irish writers are now better content with the quietness of work at home and the aloof audience which comes to the maker of books. But it was a moment in which a long suspended energy was pushing violently to the light, and it is well that there should be a critic like Ernest Boyd to give this wide and on the whole worthy survey of it, for the founding of the Abbey Theatre was certainly one of the notable events in the literary history of a people—a people come freshly to the expression of themselves and the making of literature, since for so long circumstances had been all against such a development.

The Irish are not a quiet people. They need the direct stimulus of the audience, which makes them playwrights, orators, actors and story-tellers. For this reason they have not produced critics. Very little criticism has been written in Ireland up to our day; and there is room for one like Mr. Boyd who devotes himself to literary criticism. If we had more critics we should not have for so long been so easily unexacting in our admirations. It is quite true that the Irish do not like criticism in any sense of the word, and still less do the Anglo-Irish, who have the touchiness of the Celt without his easygoing ways and liking for pleasantness. They do not like criticism of themselves and they do not easily submit to guidance, but to alter this last belongs perhaps to the critics. Few, if any, Irish critics criticise with detachment. W. B. Yeats, who has a somewhat dreadful detachment at times, and has the faculty for most illuminative criticism combined with a great generosity, has unfortunately nearly always been in the position of the one attacked, so that the rapier play of his parries and thrusts has been delivered at an enemy. Mr. Boyd does not altogether escape the rancour of the Anglo-Irish literary man. By the way, the most benign of literary men, A. E., comes from the same fighting stock, but he stands by himself. Mr. Boyd is excellent in his quiet and complete survey of his subject. He leaves nothing of the inception and the expansion of the Irish Theatre untouched. He is happy with his admirations. One reads with great pleasure his appreciations of Yeats, Synge, Padraic Colum and Lord Dunsany. It is when we come to depreciations that we are not so sure. Depreciation should be detached and apart. When Mr. Boyd depreciates Mr. St. John Ervine, for example, one suspects a personal dislike, but that is merely to say that the critic has not yet ousted the natural man in the new and much needed Irish critic. I think Mr. Boyd does less than justice to "Mixed Marriage," and does not seem aware of the real beauty of one character, Mrs. Rainey, whose motherliness broods over the play and touches it to beauty. One suspects also a certain hardness in the critic. Since he cannot away with sentimentality he must needs confuse it with sentiment and annihilate both with a common bludgeon blow.

The way of the Irish Theatre is the way of all mortal things. The pendulum swung towards Nature and away from Convention. It swung back towards a convention of its own. The very speech, beautiful and strange as Synge revealed it to us, became a convention. According to the Irish Theatre all Ireland was speaking in the inversions, which I imagine only began in an effort to render something in English for which English had no equivalent. Living in the West of Ireland I have not discovered a Westerner who believes in the "Kiltartanese," as Mr. Boyd calls it, of Lady Gregory's plays. Yeats and Synge being poets could touch the dialect, real or imaginary, to a strange gleam of poetry. The convention was believable when you heard it from the lips of the Abbey players, but it was nevertheless a convention and the people were right to break away from it. It was only used by a little group. There is none of it for instance in that agonising little play of Padraic Colum's, "Thomas Muskerry," with its intense and harrowing sincerity.

To Padraic Colum Mr. Boyd gives full meed of praise as he always does when he is sure and has no prepossessions. Such a play as this, made of the very stuff of life, needs no conventional dialect to give it beauty and truth.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE DAWN OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.*

The investigation of the earliest manifestations of the Renaissance spirit in France is a task of huge proportions for which no one is better qualified than Mr. Tilley. The introductory essay to his "Literature of the French Renaissance," published thirty-five years ago, formed the

* "The Dawn of the French Renaissance." By Arthur Tilley, M.A. 25s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Photo, Alinari.

La Vierge d'Olivet (Louvre).

From "The Dawn of the French Renaissance" (Cambridge Press).

nucleus for the present volume in which profound knowledge, wide experience, impartial judgment and, above all, intense sympathy with every phase of the Renaissance are the chief characteristics. Another strong point is the fullness and accuracy of detail. The extensive collections of data in the text and the numerous foot-notes may prove somewhat distracting to the general reader, but the excellent summary and retrospect should restore the imperilled effect of continuity and ensure due proportion.

Naturally the book opens with an able chapter on the Renaissance in Italy. Petrarch, "the Father of the Renaissance," the rebel against so many mediæval ideals, was the source of the Humanist movement, and the impulse he gave to the study of Latin literature was developed by the Universities of Florence and Padua. This led to the study of Greek literature and a Greek chair was founded at Florence in 1392. The first half of the fifteenth century was the grand Humanist period: it was also the period of the greatest and most versatile artists the world has ever seen brought together.

The Humanist movement in France was fostered by the friendly relations with Italy during the reign of Louis XI., and it owed a great deal to the first publications of the Sorbonne printing press set up in 1470. Paris was always the centre of French Humanism: its leaders there were men of the highest ideals and morals—Gaguin, Badius, Lefèvre, d'Etaples and Budé. The consistent character of their teaching was theological, religious, moral and educational, and the general attitude of Erasmus lent support to these aims. The new learning was for him a thing of life and a training in virtue. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the publications of the Paris Press at this period, whether they were classical, grammars, dictionaries, treatises for beginners or general works in the Humanist interest. The educational design of Lefèvre was "from Grammar and Rhetoric to Aristotle, from Aristotle to the Scriptures and the Fathers, from the Fathers to the mystical writers, and so upwards to beatific contemplation of the Divine Essence." "This," says our author, "for the really generous soul is the true ladder of education."

The expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy in 1494 was a powerful agent in development of these new ideals and their manifestation in practical art. The king and his nobles were impressed by the magnificence of the Italian palaces, the monuments and the pictures, and Charles on his return established a colony of Italian artists and workmen at Amboise. They were of various professions and trades; by far the most eminent was Fra Giocondo the architect, but notwithstanding his great ability there was no immediate result of his labours. The native master masons and men had to be taught the methods of building and the ornamental details of the new style before they could carry out the architect's designs with any degree of success. French masters and workmen were thoroughly competent in Renaissance work in 1550 under Philip de l'Orme and Jean Goujon, and in their buildings, although the outward forms were Classical or Italian, the spirit was indubitably French.

Sculpture was in a flourishing condition in France during the second half of the fifteenth century. The Burgundian school, marked by deep religious ideals broadly treated, was under Flemish influence. The school of Tours, the artistic centre of France, was more famous still, for the leading sculptor in France, Michael Colombe, had his atelier there. In some parts of France Italian influence was not beneficial: it produced a tendency to affectation and conventionalism. The French school of painting was under Flemish influence both in pictures and miniatures and continued so for a long period. The one exception of any importance is the triptych of Moulins on which there is strong Italian influence. Illumination was in a more flourishing condition than painting, but in common with most of the other arts the spirit of the Renaissance did not deeply affect it until the sixteenth century.

"To France" the author dedicates his book under the shadow of war, with the prophecy:

> "Unless one has misread the signs of the times, we are nearing the dawn of a greater Renaissance than that which is the subject of these pages—greater, because, while the old Renaissance was chiefly intellectual in character, and its chief work was the emancipation of human intelligence from the chains of worn-out tradition and authority, the new Renaissance will be largely of the spirit . . . and it will bear the fruits of love and righteousness and peace."

ARNOLD BENNETT AT PLAY.*

Brains and wit and a happy capacity for detachment give Mr. Arnold Bennett a big pull in the playhouse. He can achieve satire without heaviness. He can provide light entertainment which is not frivolous. He can, as in "The Title," hit out all round at our foibles and institutions, can show up marriage and politics and journalism and British snobbishness and even British middle-class womanhood without incurring the suspicion of being didactic or having a bee in his bonnet, and can, in an appeal to that most exacting of audiences, a London audience in war time, satisfy at once his public's intelligence and its demand to be at all costs amused. Now this wants some doing and it need hardly be said that the author who does it is a rather different person from the Arnold Bennett who captured the admiration of discriminating novel readers with his monumental "Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger" trilogy.

We have travelled far from the patient, meticulous craftsmanship of those studies of the Five Towns, from their loving reconstruction of a past the minutest details of which have been preserved by a marvellously retentive memory, from their method of adding stroke to stroke, feature to feature, till a vision of urban mid-Victorianism complete in its types, its topics of thought and speech, its manners and habits, its very *décor*, is called up to startle the oldsters among us by its photographic realism. The Arnold Bennett of "The Title" has turned his back on his serious youth and is keenly, joyously alive to the present. And just as, perhaps because his reverence has been exhausted by the life of yesterday, he approaches to-day with all a schoolboy's disrespectful high spirits and adventurousness, so he changes his methods to suit his difference of attitude. Here he is your careless-seeming improvisator, touching in character lightly, flashing out epigrams with regal carelessness, developing situation and clash of will with comic exuberance, almost, it might seem, as he goes along.

That means a different playwright even from the part-author of "Milestones," for there he was still under the influence of that underlying idea which gives a sense of unity to every one of his more serious Five Towns stories. The battle between each older and each newer generation, the revolt against parental tyranny and dogmatism, the intolerance of youth for the lessons and caution of experience—this was the burden of "Milestones" as of the Potteries tales, and so, to present it adequately, he and his colleague had to shape out a very orderly and elaborate scheme. The new Arnold Bennett has shaken off such fetters and set out on his own "Great Adventure"; the so long hard-working craftsman is going to have his fling. Having won his public in a sedulous apprenticeship, he proposes to please himself and enjoy himself, and what pleases him just now, as we know from his "Regent" and other kindred efforts in fiction, is to run riot in what sometimes gets perilously near farce, but at its best is piquant and astringent comedy.

Two-thirds of "The Title" is Arnold Bennett comedy of this welcome type. Its story of an official who had to take a baronetcy against his own and his children's will, its theme that it is the womenfolk who keep the traffic in honours going, can surely be taken for granted at this time of day. But it is difficult to resist quoting some of

* "The Title." A Comedy in Three Acts. By Arnold Bennett. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

PELMANISM AND THE SILVER BADGE.

By George Henry.

IF it were within my power I would so order it that every Silver Badge issued to a discharged soldier would be accompanied by a free enrolment for a course of Pelmanism.

For Pelmanism is of the greatest import to the discharged soldier, and I am putting my views in regard to it upon record because I believe that the lessons to be learned from my own case may be of some service to many thousands of my comrades in the great Brotherhood of the Silver Badge.

It is just a year since the day when I cast aside khaki, consigned my tin of "Soldier's Friend" to oblivion, and feverishly arrayed myself in the most flamboyant clothes that my tailor and hosier could provide.

It is twelve months since the day I realised that, after nearly three years' service, I had become a free man—free to order my comings and goings as I listed—free from the tyranny of the bugle call; free to follow the dictates of my own will in everything, unhedged by restriction of prohibition.

And I was eager to burst upon a civilian world with al the theatrical *flaire* of a newly-discovered prima donna. In my innocence I thought that this same civilian world was waiting to lay bare its rewards before the sword of my wits.

But I was soon to discover that this view-point savoured of the unsophisticated. It had not occurred to me that the battle for a living was quite as strenuous as ever—indeed had intensified during war time—and that in going "over the top" in business or professional life one must still be equipped with the most effective mental munitions.

In my pre-war days I had gained a comfortable income in the practice of my profession. My mind had enjoyed ample exercise and was always (if I may be forgiven the simile) at "concert pitch." And so I thought that, with a world teeming with new topics, ideas and ideals, I could not fail to produce of my best and rebuild my shattered fortunes.

I took a holiday, and, returning, came to my desk filled with a resolve to work as never I had worked before.

It was just there that I came down to earth, and the bubbles of my childlike faith bespattered themselves on the stones of reality.

One morning of fruitless, futile scribbling showed me that nearly three years' service as a soldier had had its inevitable effect on my mental processes.

That nimble wit I had been so proud to possess positively would not be stimulated; that ability to analyse a subject and classify its components that had made my previous work clear and forceful had fled; that ease in the choice of the right word that had made work a recreation had taken a fancy for aviation and winged away.

And it was not just a matter of mood, for this inability to work persisted. In a week or two there came the realisation that it was a chronic state. The reason was not far to seek. For nearly three years my every day's activities had been planned ahead for me. Almost my every action had been governed by the decisions of my superior officers. Day and night, week in, week out, I had, and rightly so, surrendered myself to the mechanical will of the military machine. My thinking had been done for me. I had no reason to think for myself. Indeed, I soon learned that "thinking for oneself" was a short path to the pleasures of "pack drill."

All of which resulted in a brain lying fallow. Its functions had not been properly exercised—it was a great obese brain, over-fed with facts and impressions, suffering from a species of mental indigestion, torpid and unresponsive to my will.

I had indeed come to a pretty pass! It was necessary for me to earn at least double as much as in pre-war days merely to provide the bread and butter of respectability. How was I to make provision for this—much less for the occasional jam that makes life livable—with my mind rusted, faculties blunted, and thinking-power to a great extent atrophied by disuse?

Obsessed by this sort of query, little wonder that that sneaking little traitor, the Imp of Introspection, came upon the scene. I gave way to depression and doubt, and feared for my future. I began to think that I was going to be one of life's "wash-outs," and in the light of later learning, I really think I did for a time belong to that peculiar species of humanity—until Pelmanism came to me!

Until Pelmanism came to me—by the prosaic path of a daily paper announcement, and the subsequent clipping of a coupon. Many thousands of Silver Badge men have hesitated over that same coupon. I wish I could make them realise to the full the import of it. For Pelmanism gave me what it has given many a thousand men and women. It gave me courage first of all. The first "little Grey Book" refreshed and stung my mind into activity, just as a plunge into a cold bath reinvigorates a tired body.

The Imp of Introspection and the legions of other mental devils who are his co-mates fled from my ken. I had no further use for them, and as "Grey Book" followed "Grey Book," and the fascinating exercise of Pelmanism unfolded their interest and charm, my mind began to bestir itself and throw off the shackles of its hibernation.

Pelmanism changed my whole outlook on life, gave me new interests, and made me THINK.

My mind began to function more speedily and easily. I found that I could collect my thoughts, concentrate on a subject, analyse and classify possibilities, and, finally, express myself without the hair-tearing and other temperamental performances which are popularly supposed to be the accompaniment of creative work. The upshot is that to-day my work is accomplished with ease, and I am never tired of reiterating the fact that Pelmanism pays for itself a thousandfold.

So much for my personal experiences of Pelmanism. I have dealt with my own case at length because it is typical of thousands of others. I have lately had an opportunity of investigating the work of Pelmanism, and found that the register of the Pelman Institute teems with cases of students who at their introduction to the Course had suffered from the same mental "dry-rot" that was once my portion. I found, too, that among my brothers of the Silver Badge there is a great army of Pelmanists equipping itself for the stern struggle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war. In many cases, officers who have appreciated the qualities of the men who served under them have paid for a course of Pelmanism for such men on their discharge from the Service.

And no person who can read can escape the wonderful tributes which are being paid to Pelmanism by distinguished men in every section of the Press.

Yes. Pelmanism is without doubt a vital necessity for the discharged soldier. For it is the men of the "Silver Badge" and their comrades who will return when peace comes—the youth of the world—upon whom the duty of rebuilding a new social order on the ashes of the old will devolve. It is the youth of the world who, when the peace comes, must so order things that the peace shall be kept and the earth cleansed of the corruption and loose thinking that played a great part in bringing about the mud-and-blood welter of the last four years. And to equip them for their labours in this respect, as well as for their own individual welfare, I think that Pelmanism is of inestimable value.

* * * * *

The Pelman Institute publishes a small book, "Mind and Memory," in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated; and a supplement treating of "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor." These two publications, together with a reprint of "Truth's" Report on the Pelman Institute and its work, will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader of THE BOOKMAN *who addresses a post card to the Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. All correspondence is confidential.*

its epigrams—for instance this about a fluffy-brained tyrant, "She's far too clever to understand anything she does not like," or this on a cause, "It's like champagne or high heels, one must be prepared to suffer for it," or a married man's confession, "Being a husband is a whole-time job" or the heroine's creed, "It isn't views that are disreputable, it's the persons that hold them"—just as it is difficult to refrain from praising at length the gaiety with which for two acts the duel between husband and wife is maintained. But Mr. Bennett has not quite learnt to walk by himself on the stage yet, cannot quite rely on the aids of improvisation. There are signs that he grew tired or felt himself tied up in a knot as he began the last act of this play. Otherwise he would not have introduced so late a new and as it proves incredible and tiresome character. Impatience is a curious fault to impute to the author of "Clayhanger," yet it looks as if his carelessness in technique at this point could be put down to no other cause. His adventure evidently has its risks and he would do well in his frisky manhood not to discard too completely the discipline of his laborious nonage. Still two-thirds of a loaf is better—far better—than none, and it is delightful to come across a stage comedy that reads as well as it plays.

F. G. BETTANY.

POLITICAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM IN INDIA.

The pledge given in August, 1917, by His Majesty's Government, to introduce reforms in the Indian constitution with all possible speed, has led to the publication of several books dealing with Indian politics and administration.

Of the three volumes under review*, two are constructive in character, offering well thought out schemes that deserve careful consideration. The third, on the other hand, is designed to prevent any political reform in India, at any rate at this time.

Mr. George M. Chesney, the author of the last volume, was until lately, in India, connected with the *Pioneer* (Allahabad). He bluntly states that there is not the slightest need for change, and that, in any case, this is no time for altering constitutions, when every ounce of energy must be bent upon crushing the enemy. He seems to think that the Right Honourable E. S. Montagu will not rest until he has destroyed the fabric of the British Empire in India.

Mr. Chesney evidently does not know that long before Mr. Montagu came into power at the India Office the Government of India asked the Home authorities for a definite statement regarding British policy in India. Mr. Chamberlain, at the time Secretary of State for India, had admitted the necessity for such a pronouncement, and was actually in communication with Lord Chelmsford's Government in regard to the terms when considerations of honour led him to resign his office. Mr. Montagu took up the work where his predecessor had left it.

The announcement that he made in the House of Commons on August 20th, 1917, had been fully approved by His Majesty's Government, and had received the blessing of the Government of India. Shortly after the publication of Mr. Chesney's book, the Government issued the Montagu-Chelmsford "Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms,"* which leaves not a vestige of doubt that the highest officials in India and at the India Office are not only convinced of the desirability of giving India a new constitution, but are also agreed as to the general course that is to be pursued in that direction. He cannot but be behind the times when the men whose interests he used to champion have shifted their ground. Any man who would speak of England as India's "owner," as he does, is clearly out of tune with the spirit of the age and the war-aims of his nation and her allies.

Unlike Mr. Chesney, Mr. Lionel Curtis, of the *Round Table*, spent but a few months in India. His book shows, however, that he made exceedingly good use of his opportunities while there. Shortly after his arrival, somehow or other one of his private letters found its way into the Indian press, and roused Indian suspicions against his motives. I trust that his book will convince Indians that he is sincerely interested in the constitutional progress of the Indian people.

The scheme that Mr. Curtis has reproduced in the form of an appendix at the end of the volume is largely his handiwork, though there is nothing to give that indication to the ordinary reader. Anyone who takes the trouble to compare it with the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme for the reconstitution of provincial governments will find that the two are much the same in basic principle. The kernel of both sets of proposals is that, for the present, important administrative functions be retained by the bureaucracy responsible to the Secretary of State for India through the Governor-General, while education, sanitation, and other departments of minor importance be placed under Ministers responsible to Indian electorates. While Mr. Curtis and his colleagues propose that the experiment of responsible government be tried only in selected areas in various provinces, Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford propose to try it in the whole of the eight major provinces. Whereas Mr. Curtis and his associates wish completely to separate the bureaucracy and responsible sections of government, Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford have designed a Cabinet which, in spite of divided responsibility, they *regard* as unified. (Nothing like that Cabinet exists anywhere. It is therefore difficult to predict how it will work.) Whereas Mr. Curtis is in favour of leaving the central Government alone until the constitutional experiment in the provinces has proved a success, Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford propose changes in the legislative and administrative machinery of the Government of India. From the time when Mr. Curtis first circulated his proposals among Indians and others interested in Indian reform, the main body of educated Indians have considered them to be inadequate. It therefore remains to be seen whether any scheme of "compartmental autonomy" will be acceptable to Indians.

Administrative as well as political reform is needed in India. The Government of India is centralised to a dangerous extent, as shown by the Mesopotamia disaster; His Highness the Aga Khan strongly advocates, in his new book, the creation of a federal government with autonomous provinces. He hopes that one day Arabia, the littoral of the Persian Gulf, Persia, Afghanistan, and Ceylon will become federated with what may be termed the United States of India. Such a suggestion, coming from an eminent Muslim leader descended from the Prophet, is worthy of every consideration.

The Aga Khan would have East Africa ear-marked for Indian colonisation. He is anxious to see not only German but also British East Africa transferred to the Government of India. Indians, he contends, can easily civilise the natives of East Africa, and assimilate them, whereas white colonists cannot and will not do so. That South Africans should have German East Africa because they have spilled blood in that country is, he considers, a mean and an un-English argument. Indians could have easily conquered it had the Imperial authorities spared sufficient

* "India under Experiment." By George M. Chesney. 5s. net. (Murray.)—"Letters to the People of India on Responsible Government." By Lionel Curtis. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"India in Transition." By H.H. the Aga Khan. 21s. net. (Lee Warner.)

* Cd. 9109. 1s. 3d. net.

Indian forces instead of employing them in other theatres of war.

His Highness's book covers such a wide ground that through lack of space I cannot attempt to direct attention to any more points. Every one interested in India ought to read the volume, which is written in a pleasant style, is remarkably free from prejudices, and is brimful of suggestions, many of which deserve to be adopted.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

THE QUEST OF THE FACE.*

These eleven studies or sketches are mainly illustrated from Russia, in the hope that some readers may realise "though Russia seems to have fallen there is an imperishable Russia which cannot fall." If there is, it is not the Russia of this sentimental religiosity.

> "France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
> With plumed helm thy state begins to threat:
> Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still and criest,
> 'Alack, why does he so?'"

Put "Germany" for "France," and Shakespeare's lines from "Lear" are a prophecy of Lenin and Trotsky, an anticipation of what serious, indignant Russians must be saying in their hearts to dreamers such as Mr. Stephen Graham depicts, dreamers whom many competent Russians of to-day cannot recognise as Russians at all. However, Mr. Graham has gone into the Army, and one must take his sketches as a farewell word. Closer contact with the realities of human nature may open his eyes to the deeper basis which ideals require.

"The Face of Christ," which is the first and longest of the studies, introduces a Southern Slav, Dushan, a Serbian of mystical tendencies, but it is really a disquisition on the relation between the ideal Face of Christ and conventional representations of it. "Portraits of Christ are all more or less failures," says Mr. Stephen Graham. Yes, and so are all essays on them, even this, in spite of some acute remarks on Verestchagin's famous picture of Napoleon in Moscow. To write on such a subject more than idealistic cosmopolitanism is necessary, more than devout feeling; there are qualities required such as humour and a sense of proportion, and no one with these could have grouped "a Diogenes and an Edison, an Achilles and a Bertrand Russell," as diverse types of a humanity for which God is to be glorified. Poor Achilles! Poor humanity!

Now and then Mr. Graham forgets Russia, and is more happy, more convincing. One of the best bits in the book is the account of a Turk who was converted by an American missionary, and who instantly went off to America in search of the Light which the missionary's Bible revealed to him. His untoward experiences in New York end with him studying electricity. "He has now returned to Turkey with the electric light, an instalment of the light that never was on sea or land." There is a note in this essay which suggests that Mr. Graham has powers which will develop in a healthier atmosphere than the overstrained idealism which has hitherto characterised his work. The pages of this book often are touched with the beauty and charm to which Mr. Graham has accustomed his readers. Even the slightest of the sketches has a rare delicacy of touch. Where they are unconvincing is in the philosophy they assume. Mr. Graham tells us that when he was a boy, he was often punished for inaccuracy and laziness by having to write a hundred times in a fair hand, "Samson was a strong man, Solomon was a wise man, but I am a donkey." It would be impertinent to say to the grown man what the schoolmaster said to the boy; but a book like this suggests that Mr. Graham has still to learn some things about life and visions, particularly two things: one, the inaccuracy of supposing that Western civilisation and Eastern can be contrasted as monopolies of materialism and idealism; the other, that a profound truth underlies the fact that Wordsworth's occupation was compatible with Wordsworth's imagination.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "The Quest of the Face." By Stephen Graham. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

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VERSE AND EVOCATION.

If one seeks among men for a voice to say "Arise" with such power that something torpid shall rise up, that something remote shall come nigh, one's choice is likely to fall upon a poet, for poetry at its best is an art of evocation as is music. At the present time, owing to the vogue of irony, the prevalence of insincerity and the rarity among artists of joyous faith in a Divine Individual, the evocative effects of poets leave a great deal to be desired. Nevertheless we must allow every poem to be an artistic success which arouses or holds the attention of any quality in the listener except contempt for the art detaining him.

Judged from this point of view Mr. Armstrong[1] is worth a sentence of warm praise. From his love poetry proceeds an influence one may call nobly calorific. Here is a specimen of him from "Body and Spirit":

> "... Love's knowledge like a golden gong
> Rang flaming through my spirit, and time was nought,
> And life and death, earth and the stars were caught
> Suddenly into a holocaust of song."

Again, that homesickness deeper than the longing for a positively remembered past—that homesickness which gracious myths and even mere phrases like "leisure for contemplation" engender—finds exquisite expression in Mr. Armstrong's poem, "The Satyr," with its quiet Wordsworthian music. Excellent also, if we condone a bad rhyme, is his ballad of a queen who enticed and killed men, herself ceaselessly longing for "diviner prey" and "raging onwards to discover Eternal Love."

The author of "The Dark Fire"[2] has the feeling, subtlety and eloquence that one associates with poetry which the business man will never find on his "tear off" calendar; and yet there is often something wrong about his work. It is something obviously wrong when his moonlight "weeps" and his hills "crowd wearily" and his stars have a "thin silver soul." But feeble fancy can coexist with perfect technique: it is unfortunately the technique of consistency or coherence which sometimes fails Mr. Turner. Yet he is uncommonly good at his best, dignified by super-physical truth, as for instance, in the excitement he produces by merely confiding to us that

> "When the last note is played, and void the hall,
> I sometimes think that then music begins. . . ."

Again, the mechanics of organised tragedy have perhaps never been more cleverly shown up than in Mr. Turner's "Death Men," and a world of pathos sighs in these two lines from his poem, "Soldiers in a Small Camp":

> "They lie down on their planks and hear the wind,
> And feel the darkness fumbling at their souls."

There are few perhaps who wish to hear the voice of Diogenes any more than that of Thersites, but no one doubts that in any dramatic representation he should speak up to the level of his legend. Mr. Thirlmere[3] shows satiric power in depicting for us a Diogenes conversing with a Greek who has lost his son at Chæronea; but in more than sixty pages of verse in which he is the chief speaker he expiates some of his misanthropy in the reader's yawns. One can treasure Mr. Thirlmere's volume, however, if only for such a charming poem as "An Invitation," in which the poet declines his Aunt Jane's hospitality because he has an appointment with "a blossoming lilac." Memorable too is the small monologue by a spinner of cotton at Osaka. "Clouds call, and cog-wheels answer": those five or six words, in that order, show that Mr. Thirlmere is a poet quite as conclusively as Giotto's circle showed the Pope that he was an artist.

Mrs. Eden[4] has both a comic and a serious Muse. Her satire is so scathing that she asserts of "A Chairman of Tribunal" that "his scarlet thumb was born reversed," and the creature in her eyes is so hideous that the exempting letters "D.A.H." (dilated action of the heart) ought often to be written by the Army Æsculapius against the more sensitive young men who confront him. There is a charming child-poem in her little book, but we think her best effort on the present occasion is "An Idol of the Market Place"—a versified description of a butcher's cat. This is worthy of Calverley.

When I read Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's "The People's Palace" I was reminded of a sentence in a dialogue by Bishop Berkeley: "O Euphranor! he who looks into the bottom of things, and resolves them into their first principles, is not easily amused with words." This poet is a devotee of *vers libre*. Now there is much to be said for the unbuckling of the cheek-straps of English rhymers. Much verse is incoherent under the tyranny of rules, and again and again we find poets sacrificing the elegance and orderliness which good prose cherishes like health. But liberty in verse ought not to mean more liberty than belongs to prose. There is a happy mean between the fatal catchiness of "Hitchy-Coo" which haunts the Strephons of to-day (according to Miss Helen Dircks) and a tuneless crowd of words hard to make sense of. I venture to think that Mr. Sitwell should ponder over the question of freedom as applied to language, which functions imperfectly unless it is pretty strictly ruled.

These rather unsympathetic remarks do not imply that Mr. Sitwell's little book[5] is devoid of merit. On the contrary he has the artist's eye, and such a thing as his "Trapeze Song" could only be turned out by a clever hand. Moreover, lines like

> "Broad roads shall cross the plains . . .
> And clamp the hills down with their might"

are not within the skill of a poetaster. And the picture of the girl on a hot day who, dancing to a band organ, seemed to "twang" her nerves with her "hands and toes," abides in one longer than a hundred or two average cockney sketches where dancing girls are as visible as flesh and blood. When Mr. Sitwell writes in words as well as he paints in them he will be an admirable poet.

W. H. CHESSON.

GREAT POSSESSIONS.*

They are not the great possessions that a man clings to, in face of some higher demand; not money, not property at all, but the love of nature and simple life and friendliness. Mr. Grayson has already won people to be interested in these pleasant, common possessions. He is an author who is on good terms with his public, in the sense that he has succeeded in establishing confidential relations with them. He contrives to create and maintain that personal intimacy which many people like in a favourite writer, and this further volume from his pen, "dealing with the well-flavoured earth and with well-flavoured people," is sure to deepen his hold upon his audience. The book has seven illustrations which add to its charm, but the charm is already in the letterpress, in the unaffected attitude towards ordinary country-folk and the countryside. There are people who will find this book like a draught of fresh milk, after most modern novels and sketches which are clever and bitter and highly spiced. The last chapter, "On Living in the Country," is perhaps the most delicious of the fourteen; it does not depress the city reader, and it does not sentimentalise over the country, but its paragraphs breathe a cheerful philosophy of protest against the artificial self-imposed limitations

[1] "Thirty New Poems." By Martin Armstrong. 3s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

[2] "The Dark Fire." By W. J. Turner. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[3] "Diogenes at Athens, and Other Poems." By Rowland Thirlmere. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

[4] "Coal and Candlelight, and Other Verses." By Helen Parry Eden. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

[5] "The People's Palace." By Sacheverell Sitwell. 2s. 6d. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

* "Great Possessions." By David Grayson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of our modern civilisation. And this philosophy runs through the book. It appears in sentences like these:

"One who loves a hill, or a bit of valley, will experiment long until he finds the best spot to take his joy of it: and this is no more than the farmer himself does when he experiments year after year to find the best acres for his potatoes, his corn, his oats, his hay. Intensive cultivation is as important in these wider fields of the spirit as in any other. . . . The real advantages of country life have come to be a strong lure to many people in towns and cities: but no one should attempt to 'go back to the land' with the idea that it is an easy way to escape the real problems and difficulties of life. . . . All Nature seems to strive against evil odours, for when she warns us of decay, she is speeding decay: and a manured field produces later the best of all odours. Almost all shut-in places sooner or later acquire an evil odour; and it seems a requisite for good smells that there be plenty of sunshine and air: and so it is with the hearts and souls of men. If they are long shut in upon themselves they grow rancid."

And so on. Mr. Grayson's little sketches of the men and women and lads are brightened with dialogue, and they are informed with this kindly, shrewd spirit of human nature in sympathy with nature itself. The charm of the book is more easily felt than defined. But charm there is.

J. M.

Novel Notes.

THE FIRE OF GREEN BOUGHS. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mrs. Rickard has written a thoroughly entertaining story which might almost be regarded as a study in human littlenesses, with one sincere and sensible figure by way of foil to the rest. Sylvia, the central figure, is sincere, but she is forced to be something of an adventuress that she may snatch at good things which are the common lot of others. Inspector Boyne, prejudiced and lacking in sense, tries to imprison Sylvia in Ireland for letting a dying German breathe his last in a bed. Adrianna, beautiful, gracious and insincere, stoops to the depth of meanness to get rid of Sylvia when that sprightly secretary proves to be a rival. The girl's uncle, Sir Jasper, though immensely rich, refuses to give her a penny when she loses her position on her aunt-employer's death. And Sylvia herself is ready to annex Adrianna's one-time lover that she may gain a place of security for herself, though she meets a more desirable "fate." The characters are all well portrayed and their interplay—each playing for his own hand and not always with magnanimity—forms a thoroughly interesting novel.

THE MAN FROM TRINIDAD. By the Author of "The Pointing Man." 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

A story of intrigue and crime in which the soul of a weak-minded youth, hailing from Trinidad, is captured by a Japanese scoundrel and his accomplices by occult agency. The author has succeeded in realising the atmosphere of the East and gives some vivid impressions of cosmopolitanism both in the underworld of London and in the opium dens of Port Said, but his weakness for psychological detail rather overburdens what is at the most a frail plot and detracts from what would otherwise be a very fascinating story. The author gives promise of much better work to come, and we believe that given a good strong plot he would turn out a book that would establish a reputation of considerable merit. The characterisation is at times masterly and here and there one gets a picture in miniature that portrays a literary gift much beyond that of the average novelist. Most readers will feel that there is not sufficient motive to warrant all the inconvenience that the villains are put to in their work of reducing the mind of the "man from Trinidad" to infantile simplicity. All the atmosphere of mystery that the author succeeds so well in manufacturing seems to be to no end.

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THE VEILED LADY: A Romance. By May Wynne and Draycott M. Dell. 6s. net. (Jarrolds.)

For the benefit of those unaware of the euphemism the authors place on the title of this story the distich:

"Justice was blind—a sightless queen:
The veiléd dame—*La Guillotine!*"

The romance, as those words indicate, is a romance of the French Revolution. It is one full of sensational happenings, of the narrowest escapes, of strong passions strongly exercised; telling more particularly of the daring exploits of Gaston, ci-devant Comte de Verneil, and of the sinister doings of Gorzon, the friend of Robespierre. Extraordinary indeed are the incidents in the interplay of wits between these two, the chivalrous, daring representative of French nobility and the unscrupulous plotting of the revolutionary leader. The authors have crowded their pages with sensational adventures and take their hero and heroine through a succession of the narrowest of narrow escapes to what may be hoped was their final reunion.

THE SINGER. By W. J. Eccott. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is an interesting story, sufficiently of to-day to touch the fringe of life-as-it-is. It is of the war, but is not in the war; only towards the end of the book do the characters become involved in the world-conflict. Miss Pauline Clinton-Fiennes is the heroine—the singer who suggests the title of the tale. Frankly speaking, she does not seem sufficiently heroic to be thus honoured. Beginning strongly she ends weakly, and there is not enough grit in her nature to render her imposing. Environment controls her on all and every occasion—a surrender of will, which tumbles her from the pedestal upon which the author has placed her. Apparently for love she marries Dr. Carnovius, the Teutonic villain, yet, when it becomes a question of patriotism, betrays him without much anguish. No doubt the question (which must arise, given an international marriage) is a difficult, even impossible, one to decide. Mr. Eccott argues the pros and cons of the case cleverly enough, but is scarcely convincing. As a heroine the singer is too weak. She wobbles—wobbles is the word; and peters out during the end of the story to marry a minor character, who interests no one. Also the mode in which the Gordian knot of her marriage with Carnovius is cut suggests overmuch the long arm of coincidence. The book from being a matter-of-fact comedy—and a very good comedy too—becomes melodramatic—unexpectedly so, which makes the sudden assumption of the ultra-tragic mask the more glaring. Dramatic as is the solution of the marriage, it is, as the saying goes, too steep. For the rest of the book there is nothing but well-earned praise to be given. The characters are admirably drawn, the descriptions are bright, the story never flags, and there is plenty of genuine humour. It is fresh, it is human, it is altogether delightful and entertaining; quite the book for the war-weary and the raid-worried.

THERE WAS A KING IN EGYPT. By Norma Lorimer. 7s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

The Sphinx and Pyramid on the cover of Miss Lorimer's new novel, contrasting with the pair of small modern figures, may be taken as emblematical of the mysticism which lies "back of" the love story of Michael Amory and Margaret Lampton. It is a glamorous romance of exploration among the tombs of ancient Egypt, and in it we are made to feel a sense of something of the persistence of personality through the ages, for the author has very skilfully penetrated her story with this idea of the linking of long separated generations. Something comes between the lovers, after all their wonderful experiences in Egypt, and separates them, Margaret returns to England, and Michael on the outbreak of the war enlists in the British Army and appears to bear something of a charmed life at the front. For a moment they meet at a railway canteen, and then are separated—only to meet again by a similar chance and to learn that calumny and slander had been responsible for their long separation. It is an interesting and attractive story, full of the colour and "feel" of Egypt—a story in which the lover of romance will find some hours of absorbing entertainment.

FAR FROM THE LIMELIGHT. By Gertrude Page. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

The merit and the unity of this volume consist in the fidelity of its pictures of life in the wilds of Rhodesia. Though the drawing is crude, the impression conveyed is more vivid than that achieved by many books with greater pretensions to style. The writer, indeed, succeeds so well in her main endeavour that we are left in doubt as to whether she did not of set purpose essay a somewhat crude style for her delineations of a very crude society. The five items in the book cannot be termed short stories in the usual sense of the words. They are narratives of an older fashion, and Miss Page can spin a yarn of engrossing interest. She is at her best when her theme is "some natural sorrow, loss, or pain that has been and may be again." In the "Chronicles of the Hon. Dicky Baird" she attempts to draw the lighter side of Rhodesian life, but horse-play is horse-play all the world over and small beer is an unexhilarating beverage wherever it is bottled. The best things in the volume are the pictures of the tragedy and the sorrow of life at the back of beyond. The tale which gives its name to the collection describes the shattering of a romantic love story by the death of wife and child: another tells grimly of a loveless marriage beyond the reach of alleviation by society and friends, and again Miss Page in the best of all her studies tells of another wife who answered the call of passion and paid for it with her reason. We can recommend this book to those who prefer a real human document to machine-made unrealities.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF PREMNATH. By Edmund White. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Seldom does a reviewer come across so faithful a sketch of the inner Hindu life from the pen of a non-Indian as that drawn in Mr. White's last novel. Premnath is a successful banker and landlord who, at an advanced age, wishes to devote himself to religious study and meditation. Accompanied by his wife, Radhika Devi, he makes a pilgrimage to the sacred shrines of Hinduism. While at Dwarka the dear old dame dies, and the widower, in company of a mendicant, retraces his steps towards his home. On arriving there he finds that Dwarkanath, the son he had left in charge of affairs, has brought the banking house to the verge of bankruptcy through indulgence and speculation. The old man resumes the thread of life where he left it, and, aided by Balgobind, his grandson, a university graduate, retrieves the family fortunes. The son who has been found wanting has been given by his father a broad hint to become an ascetic. After Premnath is once again able to hold up his head in the business world, he seeks the former prodigal, who, in spite of parental persuasion, refuses to return to the pleasures of the flesh. Dwarkanath dies of lockjaw, contracted in an attempt to save his father and companion from being mauled by a tiger in the jungle to which he had retired. The plot is slight. Persons in quest of excitement may find the long monologues and dialogues dull, but they afford an insight into the Hindu psychology. The author's portraits of Radhika Devi and Har Sundari, the mother of Balgobind, will give Western readers an idea of the tremendous influence that women wield in an Indian home.

TAINTED GOLD. By Paul Trent. 6s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

A melodramatic novel, well written, but based upon a very flimsy plot. Sir James Gretton of Gretton Court beset by financial troubles gets embroiled with a millionaire moneylender and finally dies from the worry of it all. Nalda, the daughter of the deceased man, is engaged to be married to Garth Dunstan, a briefless barrister who

eventually discovers that his father is the moneylender "Jasper Bossell" who was the cause of the financial disaster which ultimately killed Nalda's father. Shocked by the discovery Garth insists upon the breaking of the engagement, much against Nalda's wish, since the two are genuinely in love, Garth being in every way an admirable fellow. In the meantime a rival, thinking the field to be clear, pays uninvited and repugnant attentions to Nalda, who still remains staunch to Garth. Meeting with rebuffs the rival attempts to revenge himself on Garth by spreading the information that the latter is the son of the notorious moneylender, which is calculated to operate against the latter's success as a barrister. Everything comes right in the end by the moneylender confessing that Garth is not really his son but only an adopted child.

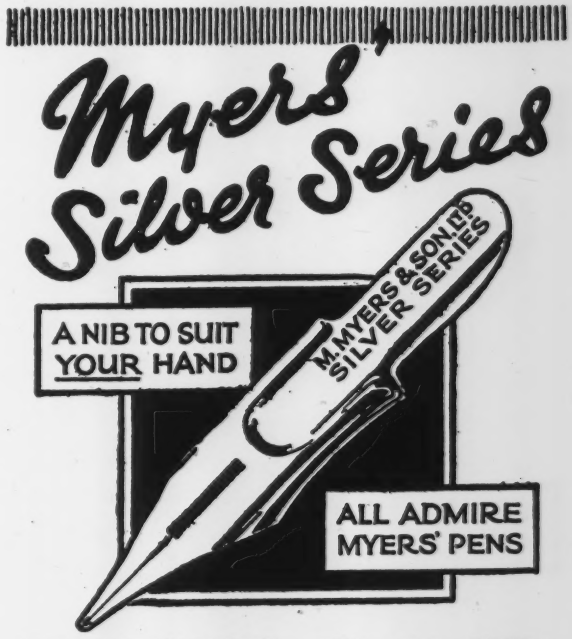
The Bookman's Table.

TWENTY. By Stella Benson. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

It is rarely one comes across an author whose personality gleams so vividly through her work as does the personality of Miss Stella Benson through her writings. Readers of "I Pose" and "This Is the End" will appreciate what we mean by this, and will be as eager to read Miss Benson's new book—a book of verse entitled "Twenty"—as we were. And here again we find the same delightful personality throughout the book, adding an extra charm to the delicious things set before us. We meet several old friends in "Twenty" and make the acquaintance of some new ones, and discover all to be exceedingly good companions. When are we to have another story from Miss Benson's pen? We are looking forward to this, and waiting, meantime, impatiently.

A NEW WAY OF HOUSEKEEPING. By Clementina Black. 3s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

A Paradise opens before the eyes of harassed housekeepers as they read Miss Black's scheme for saving labour and increasing comfort; a scheme revealed with a judgment and moderation which give genuine value to the idea. The root idea is co-operation on a comparatively small scale, involving a Domestic Centre, Manageress, Secretary, and staff of resident and non-resident servants. At this Centre meals would be cooked and served, or sent to the group of householders. Also housemaids and parlourmaids, armed with their tools, would go to the several houses according to prearrangement. The plan is a jewel; we shrink from seeing flaws. It is human nature that will remain unprogressive, we fear. The maid who washed up carelessly in the private house will not wash up well merely because she is happier; she thinks she does wash up well. The manageress will have to convince her daily of her error. Miss Black herself deplores waste of labour—keeping clean unneeded brasses for instance. She wishes door-furnishings to be of black iron. We wonder if she has realised the depressing effect of such doors. We know an invalid who is cheered every morning by the beautifully polished brass of the door opposite, and the maid opposite loves the work that keeps it so. Too little allowance is made for the definite value of beautiful things and scenery. These are not luxuries; they are national assets. And, perhaps, the maid who gives up cleaning a beautiful door-knocker to sit, let us say, in a factory turning out sham tortoiseshell hair ornaments studded with glass (one of our modern industries), is lowering herself and her country. As for monotony! Is it more *monotonous* day after day to dust and keep a room bright for somebody, than day after day to make gross after gross of paper bags for—anybody? However, co-operation is valuable; Miss Black is broad-minded; her idea should lead to good; her book is suggestive, provocative, helpful. But we pity that Manageress of the Domestic Centre, and heave a sigh over her inevitable early death.



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TWO PIERROT PLAYS. By Eric Lyall. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Pierrot is the spirit of Romance, and in Lieutenant Eric Lyall's two little plays, his familiar, elusive personality is sympathetically expressed. The first play, "The Dream Stone," was written, produced, and published, in the *Poetry Review*, previous to the war. "The Dream Gate," the author tells us, he completed while in hospital after his return from the Dardanelles. Both plays carry us far enough away from the racket of battle into the world of dreams, which is and always must be Pierrot's world. In the first, Pierrot and his band of strolling players are driven out of the important town of Westport by its officious mayor. In the second, Pierrot finds himself locked out of the Dream Gate—eternally outside; that is Pierrot's rôle; but Love opens the gate for him at last. The plays are poetical in idea and utterance, and it is refreshing to come across work of such eloquent simplicity and delicate "finish."

GOLD IN THE WOOD and THE RACE. By Marie Carmichael Stopes. 2s. net. (Fifield.)

Intensely modern in idea, Miss Marie Carmichael Stopes' two little plays open up wide fields of thought. Each centres round a woman of advanced opinions and remarkable personality, who has the courage to be true to herself. The first is an idyll of the open air; the second a problem play with a strong, dramatic plot, and the war as its tragic background. In each case the characters are cleverly depicted, the dialogue natural and on occasions delightfully witty: and each provides excellent reading and could be produced at very little expense.

WINE DARK SEAS AND TROPIC SKIES. By A. Safroni-Middleton. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Middleton has a facile pen and his supply of material dealing with his wanderings among the South Sea islands appears to be almost inexhaustible. His preceding volume, "A Vagabond's Odyssey"—the second in order of sequence—appeared a little over a year ago and contained, among other interesting topics, several very attractive details concerning R. L. Stevenson. The author is not so lavish with dates as with split-infinitives, but from one extract from his diary, which he occasionally uses, under the heading "Thursday, September 21st," and our own reference to a very serviceable "calendar for seven centuries," printed in Whitaker's Almanack some years back, we should judge that the events narrated in the book took place not earlier than 1894 and certainly not later than 1900. The reader is introduced to many remarkable, undeniably interesting, even fascinating characters—old shell-backs, beach-combers, ex-cannibal kings and queens, native girls, a delightful Roman Catholic priest, an attractive English girl, the daughter of a hopeless drunkard with no compensating qualities, an equally attractive half-caste girl whose pathetic history forms no inconsiderable portion of this "romance of the South Seas." Mr. Middleton's mind is a storehouse of recollections of many exciting and memorable occurrences experienced during an adventurous career, so well recorded that it is regrettable that his style should, not infrequently, be such as to warn off those readers who cherish a regard for literary form. It is, at its worst, a combination of pseudo-poetic prose banality and vulgarity—not a very agreeable compound. We resent sentences or phrases such as these: "We almost went balmy," "My tourist friend's heart belied his cold-looking monocle," "a high-toned job," "to reconstruct our extracts," "Those insects fairly lifted me out of my bunk." We should much like to have had an extract or two from the *Works* of the philosopher Diogenes, which we are solemnly informed were found by the author in the hut of an ex-sailor on one of the Fiji islands. So numerous are these blemishes that we can well understand a reader exclaiming, "I'll read no more," although in our case we struggled manfully to the end and, on the whole, did not regret it.

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